

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITISM.

A BELIEF in the existence of a spiritual invisible world, distinct from the material scene which we behold, and having occasional relations with our temporary sensible abode, is coeval with time itself. Although qualified by varieties of conceptions, more or less clear and truthful, this most ancient belief has prevailed with every people, civilized or barbarous. The joys and terrors of the awful unseen region affect the dreams of infancy, and the grave decisions of experienced wise maturity; they are desecrated by mental vision in the dark dungeon of the forlorn captive, as well as amidst the vivid expansion of scientific reflection; they are spoken of in the deepest recesses of the mind, and by the startling voice of prophecy, echoing throughout thousands of generations. There the brave martyr Stephen, looking up steadfastly saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God; thence come intimations of judgment, like flashes from the storm cloud, driving the culprit Cain to seek a hiding-place for guilt and shame. With the regen-

eration of our fallen race, Christianity has purified this important impression from the perplexity and falsehood cast around it by malicious imposture; at the same time, giving it clear and precise formality, by its insertion amongst the things which the Divine Word commanded to be taught as necessary for observance and salvation. We know that religion is not surrounded by the slightest mist or shadow of speculation; it is now a decided, genuine authentic fact. It is freed from the slightest undulation of mutability, even of that kind which might be apprehended in a transition from one covenant to another; it has been imparted to us in the completeness and definite condition of eternal perfection. Such is the assurance afforded by the Apostle Paul, saying: "*God who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by his Son.*" Accordingly we might expect that, in keeping with this character, religion would speak to us in the most exact manner concerning the

invisible world, that the nature of the subject will admit. We have not been disappointed. The heavens and earth are no longer walled asunder for those who by faith and grace know that it is their destiny to cast off the coil of mortality to put on immortality, and who, through the heaviest cloud hanging over a valley of tears, see, as far as intellectual vision can reach, into a region adequately depicted for every present purpose, as the place where *grief, mourning, death*, shall be no more. Although the word of infallible truth has assured us that neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared for those who love Him, still the clean of heart are sufficiently cheered to journey onwards through the defiles of hope, hearing it also said, that, ere long, *"they will see God face to face, and know him as He is."* The most intense feeling cannot measure the extensive loss of that final good, yet it is known to be such as can cause weeping and gnashing of teeth, and can feed a consuming worm of regret that will never expire. The infinite chasm once made by sin has been filled up by the incarnation of the Divine Word: in it all flesh has seen the salvation of God; through it we pass along, not for an agonizing exercise of carnal senses, into shadowy spheres, but into an invisible world, congenial to our imperishable souls, wherein we *think by faith, we see by hope, we feel by charity*. We are not daunted by a darkness, impenetrable to mortal sight, veiling the portals of death, because, even towards the tomb we walk on a path cleared by Him, who made the grave of Lazarus smile with the joys of life. We do not fear extinction, nor have we alarm about prolonged existence, for he who refreshed the famished thousands in the inhospitable wilderness, feeds us unto

life everlasting, with that which he calls *"the bread of life, the bread of God coming down from heaven."* We have practical matter-of-fact experience of life in that world, inasmuch as our minds are exalted to the infinite essence, by adoration, by prayer, and by the contemplation of the divine attributes. We know those attributes through that revelation which is attested by the joyous submission of the loftiest intellects, by the unwavering adherence of the purest hearts, in every age and nation, and which has not met negation, except in the shuddering desperation of sordid depravity. We need not make compact with any dying debauched libertine, that he will return to conjure up convictions in the midnight of the grave: for He who descended from heaven, and hath ascended into heaven, has been in our midst: He has not left us orphans: He is still with us in his guiding spirit, communicating information to that degree that we can call on the Most High by the tender familiar name of Father. From the moment the Teacher of the poor said that the angels of little children see the face of the Divine Parent in heaven, the eye of faith has steadily gazed into the happy domain of pure spiritual life, bringing into communication with sublime thoughts and affectionate feelings, the spirits glowing in adoration around the eternal throne. That we may admire them, that we may seek their sympathy, that we may make them depositaries of our affections, we need not have their effulgence dimly refracted through the elements of our material residence, for with truth more illuminative than the noonday sun, we know from St. Paul, that in the Church: *"We are come to the company of many thousands of angels and to the spirits of the just made perfect."* Those spirits are not strangers to us, whereas we know,

to use the expression of St. Paul, that, "*they are all ministering spirits sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation.*" This is not an abstruse theory; it is a familiar fact, and one actuating the daily habits and practices of the household of the faith. It is long ago that the Angel Gabriel was on the wing, not armed with flaming sword, but bearing a message of peace, not to the disputants of Athens, or the revellers of imperial Rome, but to the pure and holy Virgin of Nazareth. We need not have our memories alarmingly aroused by some electric shock in the midst of a sleep of 1900 years. No, from generation to generation, from day to day, from watch to watch, the Angelus bell sounds sweetly beneath the cross-crested spire, and at the first blush of morning, in the noontide song of busy life, and with the soft falling cloud of closing day, from millions of hearts streams back to the throne of our loving God, the grateful remembrance of that ministration, whilst the Catholic world at those hours exclaims: "*The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, . . . and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.*" Most delightfully was this acquaintance with ministering spirits continued when the midnight watch at Bethlehem heard the angelic choir:

When sudden blaze of song
Spread o'er the expanse of heaven,
In waves of light it thrilled along,
Th' angelic signal given;
Glory to God from yonder fire,
Burst out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir.

Like circles widening round,
Upon a clear blue river;
Orb after orb the wondrous sound,
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace.
And love towards men of love, salvation and release.
—Kemble.

This has not been forgotten in the eternal memory of the Church. For, whilst the tidings of exceeding great joy then uttered, are realized from generation to generation, in the clean oblation offered from the

rising to the setting sun, the same song echoes through our sanctuaries in the chorus of ages.

So complete is our view of that invisible world, seeing in part through faith (as St. Paul expresseth the peculiar character of this insight, a view consistent with our present transitory condition), that we know, not only our *friends* ministering for our good, but also our *enemies* ministering for our trial, or for our punishment. Ages and ages past, we heard from Him, whose word we never doubted, about the devil, who is perfectly described by the Saviour in these words: "*He was a murderer from the beginning, and he stood not in the truth, because truth is not in him. He is a liar.*" We know exactly our position in relation to that evil one; therefore did St. Paul say long ago, that which has become our household language, namely: "*Put you on the armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the world of this darkness; against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.*" We have good reason to be on our guard, knowing what Satan did to Job, collecting fire in the air, and showering it down upon his herds and flocks, and consuming them; then raising winds and storms, wherewith he demolished the house where Job's family was assembled. No wavering doubt on our part gives that infernal spirit an invitation to make himself known by tossing chairs and tables about, and sticking the match-box to the ceiling. We have learned quite enough from St. Peter, saying: "*Be sober and watch; because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour.*" We are not at a loss to ascertain his power, which St. Paul defines as being,—

"In signs and lying wonders. In all seduction of iniquity to them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. Therefore, God shall send them the operation of error to believe lying." Our knowledge on this point is so full, that we do not require any further information. All that is requisite has been told us beforehand, and such is our daily experience of current events, that if, in addition to faith, matter of fact evidence were desirable, we have such evidence set before us in illustration of the following announcement of our adorable Redeemer: *"If any man shall say to you: Lo, here is Christ, or there, do not believe him. For there shall rise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch as to deceive (if possible) even the elect. Behold I have told it to you beforehand."* Thus the spiritual mysterious world is brought into the view of the Catholic mind; all its relations, influence, mingle with our intellectual and moral existence. There is darkness only on the material horizon, which is a boundary for our corporeal senses; just as we often see on a summer morning the mountain and the valley, the wood and lawn, for awhile, in one confused cloudy level, beneath the skies glowing with the beauties of the dawn, and promising how clear and distinct all will be, when the sun from the meridian will diffuse his glorious flood of light. The religious conduct of Catholic life is an expression of the certainty and uniformity of this vision in part. When pine-table philosophers and teapot prophets are snoring in bed, go to the vestibule of any Catholic church on a dark cold winter morning, and there you will see a number of simple, humble men and women; from them you will learn that it is not at all necessary to have recourse to old hats and three-

legged stools to discover how near we are to an invisible world, and that in the Lord who made us, we still live and move and have our being. Observe how reverently, but how familiarly, that old man makes the sign of the cross, and thus briefly expresseth what the eloquence of Demosthenes could not describe, namely, the faith, the knowledge of his creation, his redemption, his sanctification by the one God in three divine persons. See how habitually he sprinkles himself with the blessed water, because he is consciously approaching a presence, before which the royal prophet exclaimed: *"Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow."* When he approaches the altar, the downcast eye, the silent tongue, his reverent and entranced aspect, answer the question of St. Paul, uttered from our sanctuary: *"The bread which we break, is it not a partaking of the body of the Lord?"* He kneels there not for uneasy inquiry, or anxious debate, but for an old-established duty, in the performance of which, *"they who eat the bread and drink the chalice show the death of the Lord until he come."* He breathes some affectionate ejaculations, because, they who partake of the one bread are one body, and in this happy union he is holding intercourse with departed souls, commemorating the merits of some, and blending sighs of sympathy with others. A corpse happens to be laid near the sanctuary, and the cloud of incense floating over the bier of death is a grateful memento, that the gulf between time and eternity has been spanned over by the communion of saints. He returns to the local habitation of the body, fully persuaded, that, *here* he has not a *permanent city, a lasting dwelling*, and hence whatever he does, even to *eating and drinking*, is done for the

glory of God. By such instructions, by such associations, the Catholic mind and conduct is so formed and trained, that an angel preaching out of the heavens would not change his faith, much less could he be moved by those things which so frequently excite curiosity and consternation amongst people who have not the gift of faith.

Thus it happens that the great phenomenon of the present day, as it is called—*table moving, table talking, spirit rapping, spirit whistling, &c.*, has for us no concern. Whichever way such things may be decided, Catholics remain unmoved. It is part of our creed that good and evil spirits mix themselves up in the affairs of men, and sometimes take even a visible part in them. The lives of the saints furnish abundant examples of both; our text-books of theology treat of such matters scientifically; our very catechisms do not fail to recognize them. And whilst we are forewarned by all this knowledge on the one hand, so that we can scarcely be said to be taken by surprise when we hear of any new manifestations of a principle with which we are already familiar, we are also forearmed on the other hand, by the most stringent laws, prohibiting us from seeking intercourse with evil spirits of our own free will, and by most efficacious remedies, guarding us against their mischievous attacks. Catholics have always believed that the fallen angels could take upon themselves divers forms and appearances, and could either visibly or invisibly, torment and harass the children of men; that sometimes power is given them to injure the body, sometimes to terrify the soul, and that they are always ready and eager to do evil. They have entertained this belief, because such was the teaching of the church, written in the Holy Scriptures, recorded by ecclesiastical history, enshrined in the rites and ceremonies of religion,

and in the continual tradition of the faithful. Moreover, Catholics have always believed that this power of the evil spirits might be kept in check, or altogether destroyed by certain forms of prayer used for that purpose, or certain external objects having no power or value in themselves, but receiving a value and a power from the special blessing and consecration of the church, whereby they are separated from that class of inanimate objects to which they naturally belong, and become invested with a kind of sacred character. Hence Catholics have been used in all ages to sprinkle their dwellings with holy water, and to have them blessed by the prayers of the church, believing, as St. Chrysostom tells us, that, "evil spirits would not dare to enter within the precincts of a house sprinkled with water which the church had blessed." Our credulity has been reprobated and scorned through every mood and tense of spiteful unbelief. Well, we, the supposed dupes of old Roman agency, smiled pitifully at all the antagonism of the uncatholic world. Good reason we had to smile, as is plainly shown by the occurrences of the present day, when this same uncatholic world is eagerly swallowing the very same belief, only disfigured by numerous extravagances. That world, which would not submit to the teaching of a ministry established expressly "*to prevent our being tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine*;" which would not allow the Bible to be interpreted by the thought and action of the Church, embodied in the unbroken tradition of nineteen hundred years, has become *refreshed, considerably moved, deeply interested, awfully impressed*, seriously *exercised*, by the ministry and interpretation of the toes of Mrs. Nunks, the knuckles of Mr. Bunks, the uproarious conduct of the pots, pans, kettles, and saucepans of Miss

Sphinks; the smashing revelling of the brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, and snuffers of Rev. Eliakim Phelps, and last, not least, by the twitching muscles of Judge Edmonds' knee.

The atrocious outburst of "modern thought," has been mendaciously named "Spiritualism," in accordance with the tactics of its master and guide—the father of lies. It is worthy of consideration that Satan steadily adheres to the principle, *Lucus a non lucendo*, and masks all the denominations and developments of his Protestantism with delusive and contradictory titles. Hence, heathens and publicans assume Christian Catholic names; for instance, reading and lecture-rooms, where Christ and his spotless spouse are blasphemed and calumniated, are called churches; Elizabethan Tudor clubs are styled Episcopalians, although originated and commissioned by libidinous murderers of the Episcopacy; the foulest debauchees are Latter-day Saints; the blatant opponents of gospel truth, and of the

bond of peace, jocosely assume the title, Evangelical Alliance, and so forth, through hundreds of diabolical agencies. It is much to be regretted that the conventionalism of infernal diplomacy, and the etiquette of Satan's court are regarded by professing Christians. Our adorable Lord and Master has given a very decisive rule on this subject, viz.: "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." In obedience to that mandate we speak about modern heathens according to the tenor of their iniquity, naming it Satanical Spiritism, in contradistinction to the spiritual life and action belonging to the body, whereof Jesus Christ is the head. It is not convenient at present to *interview* this demoniacal spiritism; in our next conversation we hope to give satisfactory account of this so-called *new* philosophy, which is really as ancient as the mission of Old Nick, who goeth about seeking whom he may mock, delude, and ensnare.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

CHRISTMAS—AT MATINS.

A solis ortus cardine.

TO-DAY, from the auroral pole
Unto the utmost bounds of earth,
To Christ the Prince, our song shall roll,
Who takes from Mary virgin birth.

Blest author of creation's state,
He comes in servile form arrayed,
With flesh our flesh to liberate,
Lest He should lose the souls He made.

Within the virgin-parent's heart
Flows now the stream of heavenly
grace;
God operates, with mystic art,
The secrets that therein have place.

The chaste abode of her pure breast,
Thus suddenly becomes God's fane,—
Within her womb a child doth rest,
While she a virgin doth remain.

Now doth the heavenly babe appear,
Foretold by Gabriel's sacred word,
Whose unborn presence owning near
The unborn Baptist joyful stirred.

Some scanty straw forms His poor bed,
The manger He does not despise:
He with a little milk is fed,
By whom no birdling hungry flies.

The angels thrill with heavenly mirth;
Anon their strains exultant fall,
Telling the shepherds of His birth,
Shepherd and Maker of us all.

To Thee, O Jesus, glory be,
Who art from virgin-mother born;
Father and Paraclete with Thee,
Be praised while endless time rolls on.

Jesus, to Thee be glory done,
Thou, Mary's maid-begotten Son,
With Father and with Paraclete,
Let endless ages e'er repeat.

CHRISTMAS—AT VESPERS.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

Jesus, who didst for all atone,
Thou, who before the primal dawn,
With glory equal to his own,
Wast from the Supreme Father born.

That Father's light and splendor Thou,
The hope of all for evermore,
Hear, Lord, the humble prayers which
now
Throughout the world thy servants
pour.

Remember, who hast all things made,
That Thou didst take our flesh of old,
While in the Virgin's chaste womb laid,
And thence wast born in human mould.

This doth this solemn day attest,
Within the cycle of each year,
That solely from Thy Father's breast,
To save the world Thou camest here.

To Thee the stars, the earth, the seas,
And everything the heavens beneath,
Which this thy new salvation frees,
Salvation's newest song now breathe.

And we, from off whose souls away
Thy sacred blood laves sin's alloy,
For this Thy gladsome natal day,
Pay to this hymn of tribute joy.

To Thee, O Jesus, glory be,
Who wast from virgin-mother born;
Father and Paraclete with Thee,
Be praised while endless time rolls on.

HOLY INNOCENTS—AT MATINS.

Audit tyrannus anxius.

Now doth the anxious tyrant hear,
The King of Monarchs to be near,
Who comes to rule o'er Israel's name,
By right of David's royal claim.

Then furiously the order's given,
The satellites are forthward driven;
Seek this successor with the sword,
Let every cradle float in blood.

What doth such wickedness avail?
Herod, thy crime its end doth fail.
Alone from mid such deaths forlorn,
The infant Christ is safely borne.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS—AT VESPERS.

Salvete flores martyrum.

Flowerets of martyrdom, all hail!
Whom in the very dawn of light,
Like opening roses 'neath the gale,
Christ's persecutor struck with blight.

First victims of the Saviour's choice,
The immolator's tender lambs,
E'en at the altar ye rejoice,
Playful amid your crowns and palms.

To Thee, O Jesus, glory be,
Who wast from virgin-mother born;
Father and Paraclete with Thee,
Be praised while endless time rolls on.

EPIPHANY—AT LAUDS.

O sola magnarum urbium.

Of all earth's cities thou'rt the gem,
Since He, life's Lord, O Bethlehem,
From heaven descending, now is on
Thy circuit's plain incarnate born.

'Tis He! whose star with conquering
beams
Of light and beauty richly gleams
Upon the sun's revolving way,
And tells earth of His natal day.

Their path, upon its glorious wake,
The treasure-bearing Magi take,
And, prostrate at His feet, unfold
Their incense, myrrh, and regal gold.

The gold and fragrant Sabaen scents,
His kingly Godhead's rich portents;
The myrrh foretells in mystic trust,
Of mortal man's sepulchral dust.

Glory to Thee, O Jesus blest,
Who art to Gentiles manifest.
With Father and with Paraclete,
Let endless ages e'er repeat.

EPIPHANY—AT VESPERS.

Crudelis Herodes Deum.

O cruel Herod, whence thy fear,
Lest Christ the Ruler should appear?
He will not seize on earthly crowns,
Who doth bestow celestial thrones.

The Magi come, their dubious way
Lit by the bright star's guiding ray;
With light the world's true Light they
seek,

Their gifts the infant God bespeak.

The heavenly Lamb touched Jordan's
tide,

Its waves baptismal sanctified;
And He who never knew sin's stains,
In laving us hath borne its pains.

A newer sort of power discern,
The water-jars now ruddy turn,
Whose draughts submissive, at God's
sign,

Their nature change to flowing wine.

Glory to Thee, O Jesus blest,
Who art to Gentiles manifest,
With Father and with Paraclete,
Let rolling ages e'er repeat.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMASTIDE —AT COMPLIN.

Alma Redemptoris.

Dear Mother of our Redeemer Lord,
Heaven's e'er open portal,
Star of the sea! with succoring light,
Illume our pathway mortal.

Thou, who to wondering nature bore,
While e'er a maid remaining,
Thy Maker, our fallen state
Support, with grace sustaining.

Who did'st this blissful news receive,
At Gabriel's salutation,
Unto us guilty sinners show
Thy sweet commiseration.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DINNER; OR, THE TAYLORS AND O'FLAHERTYS.

THOSE who are united under a common roof form in some sort one family; and it may therefore be truly termed a shameful sight when such, in the words of the well-known lines, "fall out and chide and fight." Such shameful sights were, however, of daily occurrence at 14 — Street whenever the second floor and the attics, inhabited respectively by the Taylors and O'Flahertys, came into collision. On which side the fault lay it would be hard to say; certain it is that from the first moment that the two families had become known to each other, there had been a continual smouldering sort of animosity going on between them, breaking out on the smallest provocation into open hostilities.

Mr. Flaherty and Mr. Taylor had differences about a smoky chimney; their wives quarrelled regularly every washing-day in the little lean-to used as a laundry by all the inmates of number 14; and as to their children, it would be

difficult to find out what did *not* afford them grounds for dissension rather than what did.

Both families were Catholics; they met together every Sunday at chapel, their little ones every day at school; but these frequent opportunities of intercourse only seemed to add fuel to the flame.

The other inmates of number 14 kept a good deal to themselves; as people say, the first floor held their heads high, as befitted the inhabitants of furnished apartments. The landlord lived in the kitchen, and, probably from being very lame, was not much given to going about, except when the rents fell due. The young man in the back parlor was employed on a daily paper, worked all night and slept all day; and the little old lady in the front parlor, of whom more anon, was stiff and rheumatic, and seldom went out, except occasionally to chapel, and on a Saturday to market. The coast was left comparatively clear, as if to form a skirmish.

ishing-ground for the two hostile parties, whose voices were, with rare intervals, to be heard throughout the day raised in oburgation, vituperation, and in everything, in short, which is unpleasant, unneighborly, and unchristian.

Things seemed nearly to have reached their climax upon a certain 24th of December. Mrs. Flaherty, who had a fair share of feminine curiosity in her disposition, had been made exceedingly indignant by hearing a great bustle underneath her, and a pattering of feet up and down, all tending to or from the same quarter. Her domestic concerns would not allow her to investigate matters as closely as she would have wished; but she placed her daughter Kate, a peculiarly sharp little damsel of nine years old, as a sort of sentinel, at door and window alternately, to report progress. First Kate announced the interesting fact that Eliza Taylor, a girl about her own age, was running out with nothing on but her bonnet.

"She's going to the butcher's opposite, mother, I know," she opined; sagaciously drawing the obvious inference, "and she's gone to fetch the suet for the pudding."

Then the Taylor boys, who had been out from very early morning, came back laden with boughs of dark green holly plentifully sprinkled with red berries.

"They've been miles away in the country, I am sure; only look at their muddy boots," cried the keen-eyed observer at the window.

"I daresay they have been stealing from some gentleman's farm. I only hope they may be taken up for it; that I do, the young rascals," was Mrs. O'Flaherty's amiable rejoinder.

In extenuation of Mrs. O'Flaherty, it should be mentioned that the Master Taylors were just then objects of her peculiar detestation, from their dog Wasp having the

day before set upon and nearly murdered her little white kitten; whilst, in justice to the boys themselves, it is necessary to state that they were honest, well-conducted fellows enough, and that Tom the eldest worked for a gentleman who had a house some way out of town, who had given him a particular permission to gather as much holly and evergreen as he chose in his grounds.

A little later, Mrs. Taylor herself went out with a huge covered basket on her arm, and came back with it so full that she could hardly carry it upstairs, affirmed the Argus-eyed Kate. "I watched her to the grocer's round the corner, mother: she has been for raisins, currants, and peel; and they are all for the pudding too."

"Ain't we going to have a pudding to-morrow?" asked curly-haired Conny O'Flaherty, who had been in fancy tasting his neighbor's pudding all the morning, and had thereby got to think a pudding in reality for his own particular eating would be no bad thing.

Mrs. O'Flaherty boxed Conny's ears; a conclusive answer in the negative apparently, for he set up directly a prolonged howl.

Poor Mrs. O'Flaherty! People who pass their lives in a couple of garrets with a certain, and that always a large number of children, and a small and uncertain weekly income, sometimes have not that complete control of their tempers that ladies and gentlemen who have whole houses to themselves, nurseries for the younger branches of their families, and money in their pockets or at their banker's, are always supposed to possess.

Mrs. O'Flaherty was very fond of Conny and all his brothers and sisters, and she boxed his ears rather from affection than from anything else. Rather a queer mode of proceeding, you will say; but Mrs. O'Flaherty was a queer wo-

man, so what could you expect! The truth was, the poor soul was very much vexed that her children ran a poor chance of a pudding on the morrow. Her husband had been out of work the great part of autumn; and it was all they could do to keep their heads above water, and pay for rent, bread, and firing, without indulging in any superfluities whatever. Matters were not mended by Mr. O'Flaherty's return about noon, after only half a day's work, and consequently half a day's wages. Mrs. O'Flaherty counted her little money over and over again, as if she thought it would multiply in the process, and ended by a burst of tears, as she declared that she had never been so short on any Christmas-eve before, and wished that she had never left old Ireland, where she lived in plenty at her uncle's, who could have brought up a hundred of such people as the Taylors, grand as they thought themselves.

Whenever Mrs. O'Flaherty talked about her uncle and his property, her husband generally grew silent, and for the most part took refuge in his pipe. The more excited she was, the greater and richer this uncle always appeared to be. Mr. O'Flaherty, knowing that this was what doctors are pleased to call a gentle hallucination, never contradicted it. "It amuses her, and it does no hurt to me," he would say, as he puffed away; but if he had not been a very quiet sort of man, I fear he might have been tempted at such times to take refuge at the tavern across the way.

The children were very much pleased a little later in the day by the arrival of a ticket on a public kitchen in the neighborhood for a plum-pudding, which a charitable lady, knowing how many little mouths there were in the attics, kindly sent in. Mrs. O'Flaherty was not in a humor to be pleased with anything just then.

"The O'Flahertys were none of your whining beggars, and had never been obliged to charity for their Christmas dinner before," she said; and she would actually have prevented little Kate's going to fetch the pudding, if her husband had not interposed.

"Arn't you ashamed of your pride, Ellen," he said, more sternly than he was used to speak, "which would stand in the way of letting your poor children break their fast on the blessed Christmas-day itself? If we are poor, let us do as the poor do, and take what is given us with thankfulness. I wish with all my heart that I had been able to set you down to-morrow to a dinner of my own earning; but it is not the will of God, and He knows what is best for us."

Tim O'Flaherty was a good, patient man; but even he could not resist a feeling of envy as he watched by the failing light his neighbor John Taylor make his way up the street, his carpenter's wallet on his shoulder, his hands in his pockets, whistling as he walked in a way that plainly showed that he at least made sure of his Christmas dinner.

The second floor had not been more charitably disposed towards the attics that Christmas-eve than the attics had been towards them; and this was less excusable, as the Taylors were prosperous and prospering, and therefore free from the thousand little anxieties which oppressed the poor O'Flahertys. Mrs. Taylor was a particularly tidy woman—her husband laughingly said she ought to have been an old maid—and the sight of Mrs. O'Flaherty going about in pattens, and dirtying her stairs, as she called them, with the said pattens, after she had made the whole place so clean you could eat your dinner off it, to use her own phrase, was sufficient to upset her for the day. In addition to this grave offence, this same afternoon the O'Flaherty

children, finding the domestic atmosphere slightly troubled, and the outdoor atmosphere not sufficiently promising to allure them abroad, kept up an energetic game of ball in the passage and on the stairs; and Mrs. Taylor revenged herself by cutting remarks whenever she actually came in contact with the criminals, and in keeping up a running commentary on the various delinquencies of the whole O'Flaherty family, in which she was admirably seconded by her little daughters, beginning with Tim O'Flaherty's pipe (the odor of which was just then very perceptible, being wafted down the common chimney by some unfriendly current) and ending with little Conny's ragged corduroys; and the subject was by no means exhausted when the arrival of Taylor necessarily turned the course of conversation into other channels.

The Taylor family retired early to rest. The hard-working mother was glad to get the little ones out of the way as soon as possible. Several of the elders of the party cherished the laudable project of getting up for the first Mass, and therefore followed in the wake of the younger. Mrs. Taylor herself was not much behind them; but though she sought her pillow betimes, balmy sleep was long a stranger to her eyelids. To tell the truth, the pudding, audibly simmering over the fire, was on her mind, and banished repose. At last she too sank to rest, and deep silence brooded over the second floor. She woke with a sudden start. Whether she had slept minutes or hours, she had no idea; but this she knew, that the whole room was full of thick, suffocating smoke. She put out her hand instinctively: it touched the thin partition which divided theirs from the next apartment. It was red-hot. The back room where the girls slept was evidently on fire.

She snatched up the infant from the cradle at her side, and roused her husband with no gentle shake.

"Get up, John!" she exclaimed; "the place is on fire! You take little Will in the crib; I have baby safe. And now for the others."

Armed with a strength which in a calmer moment she would never have thought herself capable of exerting, the poor mother flew out of the room, and had made her way into the next through flames and smoke. All the bed-hangings and light draperies were in a blaze; and the three frightened girls, the eldest holding a younger child in her arms, were huddled together in a corner, watching the progress of destruction, and apparently too much terrified to move. It was all Bella Taylor's fault, the pretty, almost grown-up eldest daughter, who was an indoor worker at a fashionable milliner's, and had come home—a rare event—to sleep, and spend the ensuing Christmas-day. She was addicted to the dangerous practice of reading in bed, her candle caught the curtain, and she woke up to find all around her a perfect mass of red-hot flame.

How Mrs. Taylor got the children safely down stairs, she could never tell. At the bottom the other inmates of number 14 were clustered together, wildly vociferating, but doing nothing.

The O'Flahertys had run down in a body at the first alarm. It was not really late, and even the little ones had been allowed to crawl about and fall asleep on the floor, whilst their mother was still at the work which from want of management had been put off to that untimely hour.

Whilst the less anxious part of the crowd were talking all at once, and looking out for the expected fire-engines, Mrs. Taylor fell to counting her chicks, like a motherly hen as she was—the girls, then the lads (they had slept below, and

had come up with the lame little landlord at the first alarm). Little Will, there he was fast asleep in Bell's arms, bless him; baby she was still clasping tightly against her beating heart; and Emily, "Father, you have Em of course?"

"What! little Emily? Not I, Poll," said Taylor, still drowsily rubbing his eyes, with a confused stare; "I thought she was with the girls. You told me to take Will; but I heard him calling out in the next room, so I felt sure they were both there."

"Yes, Will was, father; but I did not know it was any harm," cried Harriet, bursting into tears; "he coaxed me so to let him sleep in our room to-night, when I undressed him, because he knew Bella was coming home, and she always tells him pretty stories directly he wakes in the morning; so I just popped Em into the crib, and put him with us."

"God help me! and I left my child to burn!" cried poor Taylor. He would have rushed up stairs at once, though the smoke was curling downwards, almost filling the passage where they stood; but his wife, whose energies seemed completely exhausted, seized him by the sleeve, and fell down by his side in strong convulsions.

"What is the use of trying to get up stairs? the whole place is in a blaze by this time," cried the rest of the spectators; "and the poor little thing a cinder," added the most plain-spoken amongst them.

There was one, however, who resolved to make the attempt; it was the warmhearted Tim O'Flaherty. Without a thought of self, he made a sudden dash athwart the darkness visible. All held their breath, speechless, till in an incredibly short space he reappeared, holding out at arm's length a living, screaming child, the little Emily, the youngest but one, and perhaps for that reason the dearest of all; for

mothers are apt to make a peculiar pet of those tiny creatures whose noses have been so lately put out of joint, to use a common phrase. Poor O'Flaherty was in considerably worse case than the child; he fainted away directly he had placed his little burden in her father's arms; and it was afterwards discovered that, besides a severe strain, he was slightly burned in one or two places. The excitement consequent on the rescue was raised to a height by the sight of the fire-engine clattering down the street, with its due complement of gallant attendants. Their efforts, added, it must be allowed, to a violent driving shower, which came down in torrents at this opportune moment, prevented the flames from spreading beyond the unfortunate second floor; of that, do what they would, nothing remained but the bare walls. The firemen were slightly disappointed. "This here I call scarcely worth turning out for," observed one ardent spirit to his mate, though the sentiment found but a faint response in the opinion of the landlord and lodgers of number 14. It was evidently highly gratifying to the men to find that their services were urgently demanded at an oil-factory at no great distance, whither they betook themselves will all speed.

But the neighbors outside did not seem disposed to go home at once. In spite of the heavy rain, they still stood gossiping on the sloppy pavement, some going away for a few minutes, and then coming back with the most contradictory reports. For instance, that O'Flaherty, who had been taken into the doctor's shop opposite, was going from one fit into another, and hollering like mad when Mr. Bliss attempted to dress his arm; or, on the contrary, that he had just taken some sleeping-stuff, and had dropped off asleep as quiet as a lamb; with all sorts of stories, equally

differing from one another, as to each member of the Taylor family, who with their mother had been taken in under the friendly protection of a neighbor. It was quite a diversion of ideas when a sharp little boy in the crowd (no other than Conny O'Flaherty himself) called the attention of the rest to a woman who was, he declared, standing on the highest point of the roof, and holding on to the chimneys.

He was laughed at at first, but he was right nevertheless; and he was right again when he exclaimed a minute or two afterwards: "Why, it's mother! Look, she's waving her hand!"

Every one began to wonder how it was they had not missed Mrs. O'Flaherty before, and every one said they thought she must have been with her husband, or in the street, or somewhere where it was plain she had never been. The truth was, upon the first alarm of fire, the poor woman had scrambled up into a loft in the roof of the house to look after what she always declared were most valuable papers; amongst others, the last will and testament of her much-vaunted uncle, bequeathing her all his earthly possessions, which, by the way, only amounted to a couple of cows and half a dozen measly pigs, the poor man having died under a distress for rent. She did not dare to venture down again, for the flames from the room beneath had already made the attic-floor red-hot; so, perhaps, to perch herself upon the tiles was the wisest thing she could have done. Curiously enough, the firemen had never noticed her; and there she still clung, in certainly rather a dangerous position, too giddy and worn-out to retrace her steps, and feeling her grasp gradually relaxing in proportion to her failing strength.

After the storm of rain, the wind had risen, and the whole stack of

chimneys were rocking in the gale, in a manner which threatened their destruction, together with that of poor Mrs. O'Flaherty, much after the "down comes the cradle, the baby, and all" fashion. People screamed, and called out; the poor woman could not hear; and if she did, she was in no state to take their advice, whatever it might have been.

But all at once some one was seen to be busying himself in tying ladders together, and next to be placing them against the front of the house. It was Taylor. He climbed up them nimbly, and was on a level with the parapet in a few minutes more. Here he had nothing against which to support himself, and, quite unaided, he had to keep his footing firm as he advanced towards the trembling creature he wished to save.

If Taylor had not possessed a strong head and great presence of mind, it would have been all over with both of them. If he had betrayed the slightest symptom of agitation, if his outstretched arm had trembled, he would never have been able to have induced Mrs. O'Flaherty to trust herself to his care. As it was, she gave herself up to him as unresistingly as a child; and as soon as he had brought her down in safety, and had reached the lowest step of the ladder, he was greeted by a hearty and prolonged burst of cheering from the admiring spectators, which their anxiety for the success of the enterprise had till then restrained. Many amongst them wanted to shake hands with Taylor; but he got out of the crowd as soon as he could, muttering, in a rather husky voice, that he had done nothing but his duty, nor scarcely that, if the thing was looked at right. The woman's husband had saved his child that very night; and was it likely he was going to see her dashed to pieces under his very

eyes?—that was just all he had to say.

The crowd had no further excitement that night. All the inmates of number 14 were allowed to take possession of their respective quarters in peace, with the exception of the Taylors, who were literally burned out. The O'Flahertys, managed, in spite of the broken staircase, to effect a settlement in the attics, which, however, proved to be in anything but a comfortable state, being half-flooded in water, either from the fire-engines or the subsequent drenching rain.

The first Mass, nevertheless, brought all the Taylors and O'Flahertys together again. Even little Emily was there. *She* had quite forgotten all about last night's adventures, though she had been made to kneel by the crib and say a Hail Mary in thanksgiving; but she had no objection at all to being carried home in Tim O'Flaherty's arms; for, of course, the two families walked back together afterwards. And not only did they walk back together, but they dined together, in no bigger a room too than Mrs. Grace's little parlor; and how they all managed to get into it must remain to the end of time an insoluble mystery. Mrs. Grace—whether this was her Christian or surname is likewise another of those riddles that no mortal has yet been able to fathom—was one of those useful sort of people who keep very quiet till they are wanted, and then expand, not like an oyster, but something much more warmhearted, genial, and Christian.

And they dined upon—what do you think? Why, upon Taylor's piece of beef, which, by great good luck, had been put into the larder down stairs, and upon the O'Flahertys' charity plum-pudding, which, far from being what people call as cold as charity, was hot and fruity, and quite delicious.

Mrs. Grace contributed nothing but coffee, which was handed round afterwards in a fashion which Mrs. Taylor pronounced highly genteel, and she set down her hostess at once as having been formerly a confidential housekeeper in some very high family; and it seems probable that she was right.

Mrs. O'Flaherty's spirits rose with the occasion; she actually danced an Irish jig with her eldest son; and Taylor roused himself sufficiently from his habitual taciturnity to contribute a favorite song of his native country to the general amusement.

Little Emily sat as grave as a judge on Tim O'Flaherty's knee all the while, pulling his whiskers by way of variety, and munching nuts and apples as her ordinary pastime.

Every one of the party was thinking how differently they were spending their Christmas-day from the manner in which they had expected only a few hours ago, and how strange it was that they should have been brought together; and though they did not say so, they all felt there was what is called something providential about it; and of this, at least, they all were sure, that the great feud between the Taylors and the O'Flahertys had come to an end forever.

A CHURCH OF THE PERIOD.

It is, perhaps, a genuine piece of Thompson's news to inform the public, especially that portion of it that reads the CATHOLIC RECORD, that there was lately held in this country the sixth periodical convention of religious nondescripts known as the Evangelical Alliance. We use the term "periodical" because the convention is not at all regular, but irregularly spasmodic in its convocation. Whenever "the sects" get a little unruly, or show unusually alarming symptoms of theological or liturgical "biliousness," or whenever that terrible bugaboo, the Church of Rome, makes any unusual stir, then this great show, which combines in an eminent degree the properties of a quack doctor's decorated patent-medicine wagon, and a brilliant circus caravansary, moves forth with all the pomp and circumstance which the occasion seems to require, in order to play the double part of a cure-all and a menagerie to the colicky and tender minds of those religious infants of a larger growth, who fatten on milk (not undeiled) from the breasts of that great nursing mother of religious systems, the Reformation. The year 1873 was deemed by those who observed the signs of the times and of the air, as a most favorable period for holding a session of this great council. The Pope had just declared himself infallible; and though, as if by a just visitation of heaven for his sacrilegious and unwarrantable presumption, his temporal sceptre had been snatched from him and put into the hands of that most Christian king and godly ruler, Victor Emanuel, of Italy, whose very name was a significant prestige of victory with God on his side; what though that prayer-

ful old warrior, Kaiser Wilhelm, and his saintly chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who always "finds time to go to church," no matter what cares of statesmanship intervene, were successfully engaged in crushing out in the major part of Europe every vestige of popery; what though that honest, upright, and God-fearing man, Castelar, was, by the aid of the Bible societies and free press, setting Spain all right in the same direction; what though the council of the little republic of Switzerland was likewise making it progressive in the religious as well as the political order; what though, in a word, no pent-up Utica contracted Protestant powers, but both boundless continents seemed to be theirs, still there was no knowing what the tiaraed old fox at the Vatican, surrounded by his jesuitical advisers, and that infamous Antonelli, might be concocting by their "laying low" policy. Besides, everyday experience, as well as the lessons of history, go very far to prove that "Popery" is very much like a fly on the wall; stealthily you set your hand to catch him, first moving it very slowly with curved sinews downward, then with one fell swoop as you near the goal, and then exultingly open your palm to find him stinging you on the ear. Then again, the Church of Rome was making very rapid development in America, and as it was probable that all the "lazy monks" and weakminded nuns, who had been turned out of Europe to make their living like other people, finding that that living could not be very well made on the watery portions of the globe, it was very reasonable to suppose that they would swarm like locusts on the cities and plains

of free and glorious America, to the great jeopardy of those unappreciatively valuable institutions—a free press, free pulpits, free Bible, free thought, free love, free suffrage, and free things and doings generally. Therefore, the self-anointed sentinels of Evangelism rose quickly from the four quarters of the globe at the call of the trumpet, and betook themselves, as fast as the material progress of the nineteenth century would permit, to the ramparts of Sion, the key and the lookout to said Sion being decided by the experienced leaders of these valiant hosts of modern Israel to be the city of New York, which is over against Manhattan Island. So hither they came a countless host. To describe them in detail were an impossible feat; suffice it to say that there was any number of the regular descendants of Luther and Calvin, genuine Protestant spirits to the manor born, and thoroughly dyed in the Evangelical wool. There were besides, large numbers of French, German, Swiss, Italian, and Spanish “converts,” who had been snatched like brands from the burning of Romish superstition. Here too was one who deserved to be particularized, as he was a great catch, the Rev. Naryan Sheshadri, of Bombay, India, a converted Brahmin, as himself declared, and whose flowing garb and turban was a visible speculation to Yankee eyes, second only to the ethereal idea of his conversion. He had been wandering tiger-like in his savage state about his native jungles, when his path was crossed by an agent of the Y. M. C. A., who, shaking an open Bible at his head, succeeded in effectually taming him, and leading him off quietly, to be one of the prime sights in this religious spectacle. The only distinguished individuals who did not come were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Reinkins, who was probably too *old* a Catholic to be caught

with the toasted cheese of the Evangelical trap; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Döllinger, who, having simply but firmly protested against Papal infallibility, was content with the laurels that heroic action had won; and the third, who was unfortunately absent, was that rare religious exotic of the species century plant, Père Hyacinthe, whose apology was that he had married a wife, and therefore prayed to be held excused. Moreover, the reverend père had just become a “father” in a duplex sense, and the responsibilities of the nursery engendered by the advent of Hyacinthe *filis* were of such an overweening character as to throw the Alliance quite in the shade as far as he was concerned. Hither, however, did come two individuals, upon whom even the Rev. Sheshadri’s turban and the pointed caps of all the converted Catholics of the “old” school could not put an extinguisher. These were the Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, and George David Cummins, assistant bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Kentucky. Now be it plainly understood that there was nothing about the personality of these two men which made them objects of attraction. Individually, they were in every aspect pigmies in comparison with the other members of the convention. The great fact of their simple presence in such a place was what caused such a flutter about the former, while the latter would have crossed the stage of the Alliance’s existence completely unnoticed if he had not with rare tact kept his powder of argument dry, and his guns of action undischarged, until the theological battle had completely ceased and its smoke died away, when he suddenly opened from his ambuscade such a bombardment along the lines, as to shake all the religious hills with his thunder riven, and this was how it happened.

The records of the convention are silent as to the presence of that religious acrobat, Father Chinique, but he certainly was "dodging about."

It is very well known that that aristocratic body corporate, the Church of England, by law established, has always, figuratively speaking, shown a stiff lip towards Evangelicalism. The spirit of insane fanaticism which had conceived the latter, was of too rugged and democratica character to be ever entirely congenial with the spirit of satanic worldliness which had given birth to the former. Even the unanimity with which they had for three hundred years made common warfare against the Church of Rome, had not been able to bind them in other respects in the bonds of sympathy and cordial friendship. To be sure, the gap, like Mercutio's wound,

Was not as deep as a well
Nor as wide as a church-door,
But 'twas enough;

enough to make it a capital sin in the eyes of the larger portion of the Episcopalians (who are almost like the Catholics, you know), that two such dignitaries of their Church should not only fraternize with all the hybrids of the sects, but should even break bread and take wine with them; in other words, should receive communion with the other members of the Alliance; consequently, among the various other agreements to disagree which resulted from the conference came these two.

The Very Reverend Dean ere he departed for home was confronted by one Tozer, a full-blooded African, a missionary bishop *in partibus* of the "high" branch of the Episcopal Church, but whose influence over the "infidels" seems to have been very slim, for either he had thrown up his Episcopal commission, or else was on "a leave of absence," having probably informed

the gentle savages under his control that his health, being somewhat impaired, his physicians imperatively required that he should make a summer voyage to America, and they, of course, generously made up a purse, or drew on the home missionary fund to waft him securely and comfortably on his peregrinations. Curiosity, of course, induced him to take a bird's-eye view of the Alliance, and when he witnessed the "low" proceedings of the Dean and Dr. Cummins, his "high" spirit grew wroth "higher" within him, and as his Church had the advantage of being by law established, he immediately cited the Dean before the ecclesiastical tribunals of his country. All of which the Dean seems to have borne very meekly, probably because he was merely "biding his time."

The Bishop of Kentucky, however, was not to be disposed of so easily. The Yankee branch of the Episcopal Church, long since severed from the parent English stock and transplanted to this glorious soil, did not happen to be by law established. Not that God had anything to do with its establishment, but the spirit of that religious freedom, which breatheth where it will, and which is supposed to be so peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of church systems, finds its most invigorating force in free America; consequently, although there is supposed to be some common regimen of discipline here, yet, really, the only thing that could be done to affect the Bishop was to apply the plaster of remonstrance and a few doses of the milk-and-water compound of expostulation. The effect, however, was not a happy one. The Bishop's American blood fired up; his low church blood, commingling therewith, grew active. He did just what precedents, political and ecclesiastical, had taught him to do, resented the insult, threw off the mask of sub-

mission to religious authority, shook the dust from off his feet, and determined to reform his church or rather to make a new one after his own heart and according to the pattern admired by the Alliance, for which purpose he called a convocation of all the "lame ducks," secular and clerical, who, professedly, were members of the church from which he had seceded, drew up a gum elastic formula of belief, which was practically a formula of disbelief in everything except the individual views of its adopters, and which presented about as much Christianity in its promulgations as could be stuffed in the eye of a needle. The Bishop did not apply for a patent for his church from the United States government, in accordance with regulations deemed necessary to protect all human inventions, probably because he foresaw that there was so little of originality about it that the grant would be indignantly refused (unless the Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, had backed up the application), for it is a remarkable fact that though Protestantism in all its phases has been for three hundred years reforming the Church, yet it seems to be no nearer the goal at present than when it first started out on its mission. The bold stroke of Bishop Cummins, however, was the suggestion that another bishop should be appointed, to assist him in the onerous work of carrying on this new reform, and here we find from the records of the convocation, that the Bishop resorted to a very child-like dodge, quite in accordance with the supposed simplicity of the Episcopal character. In order to excite the curiosity of the audience, he first, having adroitly succeeded in getting them to declare another bishop necessary, informed them that he knew *a* man who was the man for the place, and after setting his disciples on the *qui vive* by his

prolonged efforts in the "guess-again" style, finally proclaimed boldly as his choice, Dr. Cheney, of Chicago. There is an old proverb that he who would rule well must have first learned to obey well, and Dr. Cheney's fitness for administering the Episcopal authority may be guessed at when measured by the above proverbial standard, from the fact that his continual infractions of that authority, as a simple presbyter of his church, had embroiled him in a succession of ecclesiastical lawsuits, and won for him from his fellow-churchmen the soubriquet, which by the simple change of a vowel in his name conveyed the delicate cognomen of "Broken Chiny," though many of his co-religionists had expressed long before as their private opinion that he was somewhat "cracked."

Perhaps one of the reasons which led to his selection was the fact, that having himself so often tasted the tempting sweetness of the fruit of disobedience, would induce him to be lenient with those under him whose weakness might lead them the same way. However that may be, the congregation and the candidate alike seemed taken by surprise; the former were, as might be expected, delighted, the latter undecided. He prayed the permission of the company to consult not the Holy Ghost, with whom he probably had a very slim acquaintance, but his Chicago congregation, with whom he was sufficiently acquainted to know that being flattered by the selection of their pastor over the venerable Dr. Tyng, they would undoubtedly ratify his nomination. So with all the humility appropriate for such an august occasion, he went off shedding a few joyous "crocodiles," and singing to the movement of a brilliant *presto* on the organ, "I won't be a bishop." But the crocodiles had all been wiped away, and the *presto* changed to "a double-

quick," when, by sheer force of compulsion, his congregation, following the example of the early Christians of St. Ambrose's days and the determined populace of Hildebrand's later period, when the former was elevated to the See of Milan, and the latter to the Pontificate by the determined acclamations of the people, did also in their turn decide where and what was the duty of this new light which was about to be set in an Episcopal candlestick. Then ordinary means of communication were all too slow to restrain the fiery zeal of this Chicago apostle panting to enter the extended vineyard of, we were going to say, the Lord. Then the lightning was brought into use, and the following characteristic message flashed over the wires:

"Accepted. Telegraph me when the consecration takes place."

Good for Cheney. Evidently this new church possesses all the fire of Young America, all the elastic independence of the period, and the place, having as its first step upset the old exploded theory of the spiritual regeneration in baptism, it next turns its attention to the Episcopacy, which it declares to be by no means a source of communication with the Holy Spirit, but merely a useful development of the order of religious discipline, and then with all the hotheaded inconsistency of youth and early success, proceeds to create an Episcopacy by a sort of machine process, which turns off bishops like hot cakes off a griddle, and the sole ostensible object of which is declared to be that, by having an Episcopacy it may be able to compete with the high church in the right to possess the title of "Episcopalian," and—for *this* rose would *not* smell as sweet by any other name in the olfactory organs of the fashionables, and by this cognomen alone could it hope to succeed in winning from the ranks of the other branches

all dissatisfied spirits, who don't think the broad branch sufficiently broad to form an ark of safety for the doves flying forth from the "high" and ritualistic branches, and which are therefore unable to find a safe spot for their feet; their worldly instincts utterly forbidding them to join the low church or the Evangelicals. Then again, the necessity for a multiplication of bishops is apparent, from the fact, that in consequence of the many shades of opinion likely to display themselves when this new church waxes strong in the sunlight of a free gospel, a bishop for every shade of doctrinal opinion will have the happy effect of preventing "a split," since if any unruly member or minister doesn't like the advice or orders of one prelate, he can go to another, and thus preserve the unity of diversity in the spirit of peace.

We left Mr. Cheney coming out of consultation, after having sought light very properly from below rather than above, though we imagine that the consultation business was conducted pretty much on the same plan as that adopted by two rival candidates who had long been in quest of a Protestant crozier, and whom a vacancy in a large and important diocese, the name of which begins with *P* and ends with *a*, offered the prospect of having their hopes crowned with a mitre. But, alas, the convention was divided. Ballot after ballot was taken, ineffectually, till at last a conference was sought for between the two aspirants. Retiring to the vestry of the church in which the election was being held, they looked one at the other in a serio-comic manner, and then, with a knowing wink, said, "Let us pray." After remaining a few moments on their "benders," they rose simultaneously, exclaiming, "Let's toss up!" and the result was that, returning to the convention, the un-

lucky "tail" man informed the assembled multitude that, after duly invoking the counsel of the Holy Spirit, he deemed it for the best interests of the Church that his dear brother should be their unanimous choice. The suggestion was adopted amid the waving of handkerchiefs and delicate clappings of kid-gloved hands, while the retiring candidate was honored some years later with a bishopric among the Indians, which enabled him to live in first-class style as a gentleman of leisure amid the haunts of civilization, while a free pass furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad gave him the opportunity of taking a summer tour over the Plains to look after the spiritual interests of large herds of buffaloes. But we are digressing.

Sunday, December 15th, having been fixed for the consecration of Bishop Cheney, that important ceremony was performed by Bishop Cummins. But here a difficulty arose, which was adroitly gotten over. The rubrics prescribe the presence of three bishops at a consecration. Our Church of the Period possessed in its limited expanse but one—Cummins. He, however, arguing by a species of mathematical comparison, invited four ministers to act as substitutes for the two required bishops—evidently under the idea that two of the former were equal to one of the latter; while from the fact that one of these ministers, or rather one of the semi-bishops, bore the suggestive name of Feltwell, we may safely conclude that the tendencies of the prelatial bumps were thoroughly examined, and we also have no doubt that the situation was so new and startling to the new prelate, as to cause him, when the mitre was placed on his head, to feel like a hobbledehoy with his first high hat.

Thus we have endeavored to sketch, in brief, the origin of this

latest claimant for ecclesiastical honors, the Reformed Episcopal Church of America.

We are quite fearful that our readers will feel disappointed because we have not given a loud cough, looked wise, and treated them to a lengthy, philosophical dissertation upon the nature and consequences of this "new departure" in Protestantism, but we can only ask, as a far abler writer than ourselves has already asked on a similar theme, "Suffer me to be merry on a merry subject." Ridicule seems to be the only weapon for use against this new Church. There is no use in wasting the pearls of philosophy or fine-strung sentiment on an unworthy subject. There is no field for very profound thinking here. There is no originality, nothing new or startling, in this new movement. It is simply another wave in the tide of natural results flowing from the so-called Reformation. The only singularity in connection with it is, that it should have been the main offshoot of an Alliance which, to all ordinary observers, had less concern with the Episcopal Church, and was less likely to affect it, than any other Protestant denomination. The Evangelical Alliance was a true exponent of Protestantism in this one respect, that it took for the keynote of its principles, that in religious matters

We are all jolly fellows together,

its favorite psalm-chant, *ecce quam bonum et jucundum habitare fratres in unum*; and though the different sects, like the different strands of the beard of Aaron, might at times get a little tangled, still the ointment of this "love-feast," compounded of all sorts of incongruous sentiments, would have the effect, like the unction on the high priest's beard, of making their system look smooth and shiny. Thus it preached unity in

diversity, but unfortunately the diversity got the better of the unity. Thus, too, it preached simplicity in incongruity, with a decided advantage on the side of incongruity; and the first offspring of this laboring mountain is Dr. Cummins's church, which we have designated as "*A Church of the Period*," but which, from its consequences to Episcopalianism, might be more aptly styled the Church of the *full stop*.

That is said to be a wise child that knows its own father, but the family resemblance between parent and child here is so strong, that if we were asked to describe in symmetrical language the classical symmetry of this terrible infant's countenance, or if our judgment were appealed to to define if it did not bear on its face all that it claimed to be with its lips, we should have to reply as the country maid did to the clown in the 3d scene, 3d act, of Shakspeare's "*As You Like It*:"

Touchstone. Doth my simple features content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us, what features?

One lesson we do learn, however, from the lines of its countenance; that with the gradual falling off the various members of the body ecclesiastic of the Episcopal Church, we may safely order the stonecutter to prepare its monument, and engrave thereon that inscription so expressive of the celestial tendencies of departed spirits,

"GONE UP."

First, mortification set in on the left little finger of low churchism, then paralysis on the right hand of high churchism, then a sprain took possession of the right limb of ritualism, while a dangerous protuberance appeared on the left heel of broad churchism, and now, by the

latest intelligence, we learn that the head shows signs of defection, for the foreign mails inform us with anxiety that "Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, has partaken of bread and wine in the free Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland." There is some hope yet, however, for if her most gracious Majesty will only advance a little further, and receive the most holy communion in the Roman Catholic Church, the head of the late Episcopal Church will soon be as sound as we believe her heart to have ever been.

There is sometimes good in things evil, so we Catholics may derive with profit a lesson from the religious agitations around us. We can learn therefrom, and by our example of true Catholicity teach our separated brethren the folly of the doctrine of free will, unrestrained by grace in religious belief, for this is, after all, the essence of Protestant doctrine.

The unbelieving world may prate about "*Old Catholics*" and "*Anglican Catholics*," "*Ultramontanes*," and "*Gallicans*," but we of the household of faith could, in the language of the latest encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius IX, "afford to laugh at those new heretics who call themselves *Old Catholics* by the abuse of the name, which would be truly ridiculous if it were not that so many monstrous errors of that sect against the chief principles of the Catholic faith, so many sacrileges in Divine worship and in the administration of sacraments, so many gravest scandals, so great a havoc of souls redeemed in the blood of Christ, did not rather draw abundant tears from our eyes." . . . For we know full well that THE Catholic Church is *one* universal, not national, that true Catholics are neither *old* nor *new*, but ever the same, neither *ultramontane* nor *cismontane*, but *supermontane*.
SUPER MONTEM PETRI.

THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO MARYS BECOME ACQUAINTED.

DREARILY enough did time roll on at Fairview for the poor Maria Flohrberg. There is nothing more offensive than the affected politeness of a vulgar woman; and, since the quarrel with her husband, Mrs. Montague had been scrupulously polite to the poor German, the latter being fully conscious, that this outward civility was only assumed as a mask. The gentle little girl, who was her younger pupil, was still tractable as ever, but her sister was insufferable in her conceit; looked down in the pride of her wealth and her beauty on the poor, plain Fraulein, and would fly off into a tempest of rage if the timid little governess perchance attempted to pluck up a little courage, and exert the authority she was well aware she ought to possess.

One fine May evening, when the birds seemed to sing more cheerily than usual, and the white and pink hawthorn filled the hedges with its fragrance, the young ladies having joined their parents at dessert, poor Fraulein, with a heart unusually heavy, turned her steps to the adjoining village; she had had to encounter much that day, from the determined opposition of her elder pupil, and the open impertinence of Wilson; and with spirits thoroughly depressed, she seated herself on the trunk of a tree, and opened her sketchbook; but no, it was all in vain; Fraulein could not sketch that night; hot tears fell down her face, and blistered the drawing-paper, for she was thinking of dear Coblenz, of the good Frau, of the old veteran, her father, and then of the O'Donnells; but girlish voices are

near her; she felt, rather than saw, that some person was peering over her shoulder and endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her sketchbook, and the next moment Bertha Mainwaring's merry laugh awakened an echo in the field, and she exclaimed,

"Look up, Fraulein Flohrberg, and thank me for bringing an O'Donnell to see you."

And Maria raised her eyes, still wet with the tears she had shed, and gazed on a lovely face, shaded by a wealth of golden curls.

"We were coming to Fairview on purpose to see *you*, Fraulein, though not sorry to have met you by the way," said Margaret Mainwaring; "we have heard you speak with such warmth of General O'Donnell, and are quite sure you will be glad to see a member of his family."

Fraulein sprang to her feet as Margaret spoke, fixed her large, honest eyes on the face of Mary—who grasped her warmly by the hand—and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"It is all so foolish, quite silly of me," said the poor Fraulein, after a few moments' silent weeping, "but you know, kind words melt me so to the very heart; and I hear very few of them. Mr. Montague is kind, and so is Miss Alice, but no one else in that large house, and I was just thinking of my poor father, he is *so* ill, and I felt so low-spirited, when you good young ladies came to me."

"Well then, Fraulein, you see we are not all savages; Bertha and I will stroll on to Fairview, and you and Miss O'Donnell shall enjoy a little chat together."

Good Maria Flohrberg looked with undisguised admiration on

the tall, elegant girl, who passed her arm so familiarly within her own, and heaped upon her question after question, about the General and his lady, and gazed long and earnestly on a small miniature of the General's wife, which Maria took from her neck, and exclaimed,

"Oh, that you could see Innismore, Fraulein, with the hills and mountains frowning down so grandly on that dear old castle; and then, low down in a peaceful valley, in dear old Ireland, rises that noble edifice of the O'Donnells; its walls o'ergrown with ivy, and shaded over by trees centuries in their growth."

"But poor people cannot go to other countries unless to seek their bread," said Fraulein. "But you are very happy, you know not what it is to be poor. Rich people *can* be happy."

"Happy!" ejaculated Mary, in an accent of surprise. "Alas, no; there never was a greater mistake than to suppose that wealth is *sure* to bring happiness. *I happy*," she murmured to herself, and had Fraulein's large gray eyes been raised to the girl's face, she would have seen two big drops gathering on the eyelids. But they have been talking of Coblenz, as well as Innismore, and were really quite sorry when they entered the hall at Fairview, "for," whispered Fraulein, "I must say farewell now; I am asked but very rarely to meet the family in the library."

"I shall tell Mrs. Montague I came to see *you*," said Mary; "you will not be long alone, Fraulein, so only goodbye for the present."

The next moment the young ladies were ushered into the library, in which the family were seated, and Mrs. Montague advanced to meet the stranger, but Mary started and uttered involuntarily an exclamation of surprise, for there before her, in the person of the wealthy Mrs. Montague, ap-

peared the counterpart, as to feature, of all she yet remembered of her poor, distracted, miserable mother.

Mary hastened to account for her surprise, by remarking that Mrs. Montague had struck her as being extremely like a person she had formerly known, and then requested to be shown the way to Fraulein's room, as she wished to talk with her of mutual friends at Coblenz.

"A strange young person, that," muttered Mrs. Montague, as Mary left the room. "What on earth can she, an Irish girl, by birth, have to say or do with this governess of ours."

"Oh, you forget," replied her elder daughter, "that General O'Donnell, to whom Fraulein referred you, is the uncle of this young lady; of course we may expect that they will become very intimate friends."

"Miss O'Donnell makes her choice, then, and keeps to it whichever it may be," replied her mother, "let that choice be either to visit us or the governess, one or the other; but I don't approve of this sort of behavior."

The young lady walked to the window as her mother spoke, but a hand was gently placed on her mother's shoulder, and a voice exclaimed,—

"Catherine, Catherine, remember when I married you, and raised you to a position of opulence and luxury, you held a place in society inferior to that occupied by this poor German, whom you so seek to humiliate."

"Thank you, sir," replied the angry wife, "you are never so well pleased as when taunting me with the past; of course I owe you a great many thanks, I can't tell how many, for releasing me from the slavery in which I lived, when companion to Miss Stubbs; but I cannot, for my part, imagine *why*

you are so interested about this German girl; you have always been bad enough where governesses are concerned, but more annoying about this person than any who have preceded her."

It is doubtful how the altercation would have ended, had not Mary at that moment entered the room, and advancing to Mrs. Montague, inquired, in the name of Mrs. Mainwaring, if they would all spend the next evening at Dover Court, and bring Fraulein with them.

Mrs. Montague immediately declined the invitation, and, had she not been kept in awe by her husband's presence, would, undoubtedly, have found some cause as to why Maria Flohrberg could not come.

On the following evening then, the worthy lady was left by her lord to mope away her ill humor by herself, and Mr. Montague undertook to escort his eldest daughter and Fraulein to Squire Mainwaring's residence.

I wonder what was the secret which already drew so closely together these two Marys, for their dispositions were so very dissimilar that one scarcely could imagine they would become bosom friends; Mary O'Donnell, full of life, daring, and impetuous, yet calm and clear-headed. Maria Flohrberg, reserved and grave, a little phlegmatic if you will, timid and nervous; they were as opposite in character, as they were unlike in person; the one possessing the dangerous gift of beauty, the other,—shall we not own it?—plain and homely enough, a true German countenance, but far from ugly, for there was a sweet expression in our friend Flohrberg's countenance, which made you forget how wanting she was in those charms which her sex are apt to prize so far above their worth.

The evening wore away pleasantly enough; the Mainwarings,

pleased with Fraulein, and above all the young barrister, who drew her out of her reserve, talked pleasantly to her of Coblenz, and would not let her speak French, merely because he liked to hear what he called her pretty broken English. Ah, Herbert Mainwaring, you little thought how far you would, ere long, be implicated in behalf of this poor harmless Maria.

And before Mr. Montague left Dover Court, it was arranged that his friend and his family should dine with him the following week at his town residence, in Harley Street; Squire Mainwaring also having decided on spending the following two months in the metropolis.

The time that intervened might have passed away pleasantly enough for Fraulein, for she had learned to regard, almost with indifference, the supercilious morning visits of the ill-educated Mrs. Montague, but she not unfrequently winced under the flying shafts of Miss Millicent, who, tolerably well read, and a clever girl into the bargain, soon found out poor Fraulein's weak points, in the matter of general information, and never failed to let her know in what they consisted, evincing a malignant pleasure when she saw that pale cheek become flushed, or, perhaps, the eyes fill with tears, as the knowledge of her own shortcomings was thus cruelly placed before her.

On one of these mornings that she had been thus subjected to the torture, because Miss Millicent had found her guilty of an error in English geography, the poor harassed Maria, at the first favorable opportunity sought Mr. Montague, when alone, and thus opened the conversation, in her broken English.

"I wish to see you, Mein herr, to tell you that I must go away to Coblenz at once."

"At once, Fraulein, I hope not. What is the matter?"

"Sir, your daughter has corrected me of a mistake in your English geography; see now, I made a great mistake as to where is placed one of your towns; this is serious," added Maria, holding out both hands as she spoke; "except music, and drawing, and my own language, I fear I am of no use here; and I would wish to go."

"But you will not go, Fraulein, for I wish you to stop. You fulfil your duties truly and conscientiously, and I like you the better for the candor with which you have now acted. Never mind the English studies at all, Fraulein; and make yourself quite comfortable. Your case resembles that of most of the ladies who come here as foreign governesses; you cannot be expected to know the geography of this country as well as your own, so goodbye, Fraulein, think no more of it, it is of no consequence; the education of my eldest daughter is already nearly finished."

As he spoke thus he warmly grasped poor Fraulein's hand, and the goodnatured gentleman left Fairview on his way to the mill.

But his kind words had not served to calm the poor Fraulein, she felt inexpressibly mortified that the unamiable Miss Millicent had witnessed her error, and yet, poor soul, with what a good will had she pored over those English books; how had she overloaded her poor memory with the names of towns and counties, and traced them on the map, and studied that hard English grammar, quite as hard to her, poor thing, as her guttural difficult German is to any of us, and how had midnight often found her studying still, and she had then sought her pillow with a throbbing head, and sometimes eyes suffused with tears; and how that spiteful Wilson had told her mistress that "it was to be hoped that *person* wouldn't set the house

on fire any night, she kept monstrous late hours, it was a shame to burn the candles so late, that's what it was."

And Mrs. Montague *agreed* that it was, and was glad Wilson had seen the light beneath the crevice of the door; and before very long she should tell Fraulein to go to bed at earlier hours, indeed.

And so the loss of a few inches of candle at luxurious Fairview was a matter for consideration in the mind of its captious mistress.

But to return to Maria Flohrberg; all these wakeful nights, all her late hours, all her mental struggles, were almost useless, if she were to be thus cruelly mortified and—oh, what she would give to pillow her throbbing head on the breast of that dear old Frau, to talk to her poor sick father, to be away at Coblenz, and yet—

"I am very selfish," she murmurs to herself, "for of how great use was the twelve pounds I sent them last quarter; what *would* they have done without it? and I had still a little left for my own use." And this thought, you see, comforted poor Fraulein in her sorrow, and at last, though she still wept, her tears sprang from quite another source—tears such as make angels rejoice when they see them shed by poor human nature, for they were full of peace, and hope, and resignation; and she thought of how the Holy of Holies had humbled himself, and kneeling down with bowed head and clasped hands, she murmured, "It is good for *me* to be humbled."

And that night Maria worked even harder than ever; she had sat by her chamber window watching the pale May moon casting its silvery radiance over hill and dale, while heavily in the distance lowered the factories and giant buildings of the great trading city. She had gazed on the star-lit vault of heaven, and thought of the surpass-

ing love of him who hath made this world so lovely; and later, had drawn her books to her side, studied hard with a cheerful, hopeful spirit, and then, long after the clock of Fairview had struck the hour of midnight, laid her head upon the pillow, her last thoughts of God, her first the next morning—a prayer for humility and patience.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOUDS GATHERING.

IT so happened that there was only a lapse of a few days between the arrival of the Montagues and the Mainwarings at their respective town houses; the latter gentleman, old-fashioned in all his tastes, keeping to Cavendish Square, and his friend in Harley Street.

To the great annoyance of Mrs. Montague, Mary O'Donnell became a constant visitor to Fraulein, but she knew the young lady's connections were wealthy people, and as vulgarized minds so frequently pay court to wealth and position, and Mrs. Montague was one of this class, she gulped down her objections to the happy evenings Fraulein so frequently passed, and preserved an exterior of politeness to Mary. Furthermore, she was one of those whom we term matchmakers, and had looked on Herbert Mainwaring as an eligible match for her eldest daughter, and fancied Mary was in the way, so for another reason the presence of the girl annoyed her; never, however, was there a greater mistake, as Mary's mind was quite on other thoughts intent than views matrimonial.

"What on earth is the matter with Fraulein, to-day?" said Mrs. Montague to her husband and eldest daughter. "Alice tells me she has been in tears ever since she received a letter from Germany by the morning post. I suspect they have been writing to her for money. I know why she dresses so shabbily;

that she is a positive discredit to the house; as well as why she asked for a portion of her next quarter's salary, in advance, a month ago. A pretty thing, indeed, to fret her employers in this way by her tears and melancholy face. What are her relations to us, I should like to know?"

"In the name of common humanity do cease," said her husband. "Her father is old and sick, and she is absent from him; pray do not deny her the luxury of grief."

At that moment the door opened, and little Alice entered the room; she was the bearer of a message from Maria Flohrberg; she was very unwell, so unwell that she could not give the usual instructions in music and French to Alice, nor could she give Miss Montague her daily German lesson; she was very sorry, but hoped in a few hours she should be better.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear," muttered the unfeeling woman, "all sorts of trouble in the house, and I am scolded if I dare complain."

Thus speaking, Mrs. Montague left the room, and vented out with her favorite maid the anger she had been compelled to repress in the company of her husband.

The whole of that day Fraulein kept her room; she had had a distressing letter from Germany; her father was threatened, sick and ill as he was, with arrest for a small debt, the mother wrote; why? lest the removal should occasion his sudden death, and be a yet greater shock to her child.

"What shall I do?" said she, as with clasped hands she paced up and down her chamber, after having dismissed Alice to her mother with the message we have alluded to. "I have only two pounds of the four I asked for in advance, and have but one article of value in my possession." As she thus spoke, she took from her neck a small gold chain, to which

was suspended the miniature of Mrs. O'Donnell, for the General's wife was very fond of Maria and had given her this miniature as a keepsake. It was, also, really valuable in its way, the miniature being set with good pearls.

At this miniature Maria gazed earnestly and lovingly till tears found their vent, and then dashing them aside, she said, "I wonder what they would lend me, if I took this miniature to one of those money-lenders they call pawnbrokers here? If I could get three pounds I could then send five to Coblentz, and this would stop my poor father from being taken to prison." She paused awhile, and then added, "yes, I *will* do this, they are all going to the theatre this evening, and I can then take it without being seen, should I feel well enough to go out."

Towards four o'clock, Mary O'Donnell called, and was grieved to find the poor Fraulein with traces of recent tears in her swollen eyes, and her temples still throbbing with pain.

Maria Flohrberg said nothing to her friend, save that she had received a letter from Germany, telling her of the dangerous illness of her father. "Quite sufficient reason to make an affectionate daughter unhappy," thought Mary, and nothing more passed on that subject. But sorry indeed was Maria to find that she was about to lose her kind young friend, a letter having arrived that morning, requesting her to return at once to Innismore, in consequence of the sudden and alarming illness of Mrs. O'Donnell. This visit, then, to Maria, would be her last, as she was to leave London early next morning.

The Montagues were going to visit one of the smaller theatres on that evening, and Alice was to accompany them, therefore Fraulein's time was quite her own, she could do as she pleased.

Accordingly, a little after seven, her head somewhat better, for her spirits had been rallied by the visit of her friend, she prepared to execute her painful errand, walking some part of the way home with Mary, and bidding her farewell at the top of Regent Street. She was hastening onwards, with a quick and hurried step, crossing the road, slippery with a recent summer shower, when she stumbled, and would have fallen to the ground had not a strong arm broken the fall, and a well-known voice, in her own language, expressed a hope that she was not hurt.

"Mein herr Von Sulper, is it really you," she exclaimed. "Are you, then, in England? Ah, how glad I am to see you here."

There then ensued a few very hurried words of explanation between them, the gentleman informing her that he was hastening to return by the next steamer to Germany, and that if the General was still at Coblentz, he should visit him, and take to him any message she desired. "But," said he, "you are in grief; are you not happy, Fraulein?"

"Could she be happy when far away from those she loved, who were now dying, and perhaps"—here Maria hesitated, she felt as if she should be choked, did she utter the words, "in prison."

"Perhaps what? Fraulein Flohrberg, do not fear telling me your sorrow, though you have only seen me twice as the General's friend."

"Oh! is it not very horrible?" replied Maria, hurriedly, "they cannot pay a very small debt, and my mother fears my father will be taken to prison, so I am going to see if I can get three pounds for a little trinket I have with me, in order to send them the money."

"Three pounds; is *that* all," replied the gentleman. "See, Fraulein, here is ten pounds for you; take it without any demur. I am

glad I have met with, and been able to help a friend of the General's; and now I have only time to say goodbye," he added, looking at his watch, as he spoke, "the vessel will shortly sail from St. Katherine's dock, I shall scarcely be in time."

With a warm pressure of the hand, her kindhearted countryman left her, and Maria returned home, her head relieved of its pain, for the kind gift was a far more beneficial restorer than any medicine would have been, and her heart felt unusually light.

On her return, she divested herself of her bonnet and mantle in the room used by herself and her pupils for the purpose of study, and carried her writing desk to her own apartment, in order to be sure of not being interrupted, and, meeting Wilson on the staircase, she informed her that, not yet feeling well, she should remain in her own room, and go to bed at a very early hour. She then went to her own apartment and indited a few hurried and affectionate lines to her parents; she then put the letter in the desk, along with the ten sovereigns, resolving on going out early the following day, when she should take her accustomed walk with Alice, and pay the money, as was her custom, into the hands of an agent for a banking house at Coblenz, from whom her father received her remittances, paid to him in the money of his own country.

She was standing at the chamber window, thinking over her meeting with Herr Von Sulper, when, to her surprise, she saw Mary crossing the Square in the direction of the house. She hastened down stairs to open the door herself, full of joy at seeing her again, and Mary, on entering the room, showed her a small basket of fine peaches, saying,—

"I thought you would like them, Maria, so I bought them, and hur-

ried back at once, and I think I can spend another half hour with you, and yet be in time to make my preparations for my journey."

Maria thanked the kindhearted girl very warmly, and they both parted with many tears, for there was, at least, much doubt as to whether they would meet again.

After the departure of her friend, she returned thanks to God for the signal blessing she had that night received, and, in a few moments, was buried in a profound and peaceful slumber. She was, almost, the only person who slept at all tranquilly on the night in question.

Mrs. Montague had but just entered the private box they engaged when she whispered to her daughter,—

"I declare, Millicent, I have left my diamond bracelet on the toilet table; I was going to put it on, and changed my mind; I feel uneasy."

"Oh, never mind, don't be alarmed," replied Millicent; "perhaps you replaced it in the jewel-case and forgot it, and even if you did not, Wilson is very careful, and no one else will enter the room."

Mrs. Montague, however, fretted and fumed all the evening, about her bracelet, and immediately on her arrival home, hurried to her room. One glance at the toilet table was sufficient; the bracelet was not there.

"My bracelet, Wilson, I hope you have put it safely away. I forgot and left it on the table."

"Dear me, ma'am, I trust not," said Wilson, "for I have not seen it; but take it easy, ma'am," she added, "and just open your jewel-case, for it is most likely you'll find it there."

"Not so, I tell you, Wilson," replied her mistress, with excessive agitation, and at the same time opening the case. "See, now; oh! heavens! what has become of my beautiful bracelet? Who has dared remove it from the table?"

"Oh! pray, ma'am, do not make yourself so uncomfortable till we have thoroughly searched the place," said Wilson, now hastily removing the costly scents and essences, which lay scattered around, till the table itself was finally removed; but, alas! the expensive bauble was nowhere to be found.

In the greatest consternation, Mrs. Montague hurried to her husband, and informed him of her loss. She was for instituting a thorough search, there and then; calling together all the servants. But Mr. Montague insisted on perfect quiet till the morning, comforting her by telling her that he would then give information to the police. The half-distracted woman then yielded assent to his proposal, bid Wilson say nothing to any one, and, in a terrible ill-humor, submitted to let her hair be arranged for the night.

Wilson was scolded oftener than usual, but then, Wilson was such a sweet-tempered woman, one who would kiss the hand that struck her; and, of course, to-night she made great allowances for her mistress's harshness, for the loss,—if lost the bracelet really was,—was indeed no slight one.

After a few moments' silence she remarked, "A strange idea has just occurred to me, ma'am. Fraulein has been out to-night, and yet she has been very ill all day; couldn't give the young ladies their lessons, that seems odd, doesn't it?"

"Good heavens, woman, what are you driving at?" said Mrs. Montague, whose suspicions had as yet been levelled at no one particular person in her household.

"Well, I really can scarce tell myself, ma'am, only it does seem odd, now doesn't it?" replied the waiting woman.

"I think the whole affair is odd, and something much worse than odd," replied the mistress; "however, there must be a thorough search in the morning."

A little more than twenty minutes had elapsed after Herr Von Sulper had quitted Maria Flohrberg; he had forgotten a small parcel he had left at the hotel, and hastened back for it. On his return, he saw standing, a few paces from a pawnbroker's shop, a woman whose dress attracted his attention, for it was somewhat particular, in so far as the shawl and bonnet were neither of them such as were then worn.

"Is it possible I did not give Fraulein Flohrberg enough," he said, for he felt convinced it was her he beheld, and he walked towards her, exclaiming "Ah, I did not expect to meet you again." But at that moment the female paused, and threw up her veil, as if with the intention of closely examining something in her hand. "I do not know you, sir," said the woman; he apologized, and walked on.

"I could swear to that face amidst a thousand," he said to himself; "it was not Fraulein, but the dress is exactly the same."

No, the low forehead, with a scar in the centre, and the dark eyebrows almost meeting each other, rendered it a face, when once seen, not soon to be forgotten. The dress was exactly like that of Maria, made of black silk; the bonnet pink; the shawl,—a remarkable one from its showy colors,—a white middle, with a green and pink border; such as were worn twenty years since.

The gentleman went on his way wondering, for the parties were, of course, not the same, but ere he left the spot, he paused, and saw that the woman turned down one of those shabby streets which run from Oxford Street in the direction of Golden Square.

On the following morning Mrs. Montague met her husband, at breakfast, with an air of grave importance on her face, which she in-

variably assumed when she considered she had made a discovery, and she then mentioned what Wilson had told her of the absence of Fraulein on the previous evening.

George Montague looked very anxious and uneasy, but made no reply. He had already sent to the police station, and ere the breakfast cloth was removed two officers were in the house.

By this time the news of the robbery had reached Maria's ears; she heard that the servants had been called together, that they were going to be searched; her heart beat violently, as if with the knowledge of some impending evil; yet, she was innocent; but she wrote a few lines which she gave to Alice, to carry to her father, expressive of a wish, under the unpleasant circumstances which had taken place, herself to pass through the same unpleasant ordeal.

Really distressed, Mr. Montague came to her room, assuring her that there was no occasion for her to subject herself to such a mortification; but she was resolute.

The housekeeper, good Mrs. Somers, after having submitted to the same ordeal, came to Fraulein; of course, the missing bracelet was not about her person; the police officer then examined the young lady's bureau, trunks, and closets, subjecting every article in Maria's chamber, as also the study, to a minute examination; then her desk was searched, and therein was discovered twelve pounds, the money poor Fraulein had intended to have changed for an order for her father, to be made payable at the Coblenz banking-house.

The house and every individual therein had at last been minutely searched, and the officer returned to the library, in which the family were seated.

"What are the circumstances of the German governess you have in your house?" he inquired. "She

has twelve pounds in her desk, I see."

"Her family are miserably poor," exclaimed Mrs. Montague, before her husband could reply; "it is impossible she can honestly have such a sum in her possession, for she asked for an advance of four pounds of her salary a month since."

Mr. Montague felt very anxious, but said, "I am convinced this poor young lady's character is beyond suspicion. I make no doubt she will be able to explain how she came by this money."

The police officer remained for a few moments buried in reflection; then he said,—

"We shall endeavor to ascertain if the bracelet has been pledged, by making inquiries at the various pawnbrokers' shops; meanwhile, can you ascertain if any of the household left home during the time you were absent last night?"

"Fraulein was absent, if no one else was," said Mrs. Montague. "My maid, Wilson, told me this; and what makes it more strange is, that the whole day she had complained of illness, so that she could not give my daughters their lessons as usual."

The officer's face grew a shade more serious, as the lady spoke; he mused again, and then said,—

"She has money in her possession for which you cannot account, and she was away from home at the very time she was complaining of illness. Is it your wish to give her in charge on suspicion of being concerned in the theft; or, of having actually committed the robbery herself?"

"I do not feel myself justified in taking such a step at the present moment," said Mr. Montague, now seriously uncomfortable. "I will, at least, wait till some information has been gathered. I fear the jewel may have been pledged; you will soon ascertain if it be so or not."

"You will, however, allow me to go and make inquiries as to how the lady became possessed of the gold she has in her desk," said the officer, rising to leave the room.

"I have a great aversion to your doing so, a *very* great aversion," replied Mr. Montague, "still, if you think it advisable, do it, but with as much delicacy as possible."

As the officer ascended the noble staircase, of white marble, with its balustrades of bronze, he met the innocent and unsuspecting Maria Flohrberg, who, regretting the lapse of time occasioned by the search of the police officer, was now hastening to change the unfortunate gold which was making her an object of suspicion, so that the letter containing the order for payment might be transmitted to Coblenz without delay.

She was about to pass the man, but an inexpressible something in his countenance, above all, his turning to follow her, attracted her attention, and she inquired if he wished to ask any questions of her.

"Yes, Miss," replied the officer. "I must go with you again to your room, if you please."

With a heart beating wildly, and limbs trembling beneath her, innocent though she was, Fraulein followed him to the study. He commenced as follows:

"You must pardon me, Miss, for I am only doing my duty, but I am obliged to ask you to tell me how you got the money I saw in your desk this morning."

"My God! is it possible I am suspected of theft?" exclaimed Fraulein, her face turning ashy pale. "I will tell you then; I met a German gentleman, in the street, last night, and he lent me that money. I am now going to a banker's, to change it for an order on a foreign banker, who will pay it over to my father."

"Well, Miss, I am sorry to appear rude," answered the officer,

"but, as I said just now, Miss, duty must be my excuse; perhaps you'll tell me the name and address of the gentleman as you say gave you the money?"

"His name is Von Sulper; but I cannot tell you his address," replied Fraulein; "he was a German friend of mine. I met him by accident at the top of Regent Street, and he was then very quick going to the steamer which was to leave St. Katherine's dock last night."

"Humph," said the man, shaking his head, as if doubting, as he really did, the truth of poor Fraulein's assertion. "Howsomever, it will be necessary to account better than this, Miss, for having that money, or you may get yourself into trouble. Now take it easy, Miss," he added, "sit down and take off your things, for you must on no account leave home with that money till this case be made quite clear. Sorry, very sorry to offend you, Miss, but you know I must do my duty."

Thus speaking, the officer left her room, and Maria remained a prey to her own agonized reflections; now, sitting with clasped hands and streaming eyes, thinking of those she loved at Coblenz; then, pacing the room, in all the agonies of the wildest despair, with tearless eyes and blanched lips, and burning with indignation at the very idea of this most shameful suspicion under which she labored.

But another and widely different scene was being enacted in the dining-room. The officer communicated his suspicions to the Montagues, and thought it looked a bad case for the young lady. "She was going out," he said, "to make away with the very gold of the possession of which she could give no very clear account." He begged Mr. Montague not to allow her to leave the house, and added, that "himself and two of his men

would, at once, visit all the pawnbroker's and jeweller's shops in the immediate neighborhood, when he hoped to discover the missing trinket."

Mr. Montague was much distressed, for though it did look queer,—poor Maria's story of a German friend meeting her in the street, and giving her money,—yet his own experience told him that strange things did sometimes occur, and that a strange concatenation of circumstances sometimes made the most innocent persons appear guilty; he could not bring himself to believe that the open honest countenance of the Fraulein Flohrberg was otherwise than the index of as honest a mind, and the poor gentleman felt such shame at the idea of meeting her, whilst there was yet the slightest chance that she was innocent, however appearances might seem against her, that he kept himself closely confined to his own room.

As to poor little Alice, she was scolded by her mother because she was in tears and grief that dear Fraulein should be thought "no better than a thief." Millicent was indifferent, and Mrs. Montague's cold, stony eyes, seemed to gleam more brightly than ever with a cruel light, as much as to say, "Was not I quite correct? You see the officer is of my opinion."

Things were in this position, when Margaret Mainwaring's well-known knock was heard at the hall door. She was accompanied by Bertha, and had called to inquire after Fraulein's health.

For a few moments the young ladies could not understand what was the matter; scorn, when she spoke of her friend, was so visible in Mrs. Montague's face, the tears of Alice, and confusion of Mr. Montague, were all enigmas which she could not solve. The angry woman was the first to disclose the painful truth, for, interrupting her

husband, who, with no small pain, was trying to put things in a favorable light for Maria, she burst in with,—

"It is of no use for you to tell Margaret the story in that fashion, George; Fraulein, I feel convinced, has stolen the bracelet, and no one else."

"Fraulein stolen a *bracelet*, Madam! For heaven's sake, think seriously of the nature of the words you utter. It is morally impossible she should have been guilty of such a crime."

"We shall see, we shall see, Miss," exclaimed the irritated woman. "Everything is against her—there is nothing in her favor—and if you have any proper feeling, you'll not see her again till this affair is cleared up."

"Mr. Montague," said Margaret, turning away, her dark-blue eyes sparkling with indignation, "I should wish to see my dear Mary's friend, at once. This is an atrocious calumny, I feel convinced. Bertha, will you go home, or shall we visit dear Maria Flohrberg together?"

"Oh, I will go with you, certainly," exclaimed the warm-hearted Bertha; "we may be some little comfort too, at such a time of trial."

Can there be anything more dreadful than to be wrongfully accused of a very grievous crime? This was the thought of the two young ladies, as silently, and with tears in their eyes, their gentle hearts aching with sorrow, they passed by windows of stained glass, and along spacious galleries, till they arrived at Fraulein's room. There she was, poor thing, all alone in her misery, no tears in her eyes, and looking the very image of despair.

She bounded towards her friends as they entered the room, and joyfully received their warm embrace. "You do not think me guilty, then," she exclaimed.

"Guilty, my own dear Maria," exclaimed Margaret, "*guilty*. Such a thought could never enter our minds for a moment; but, let me implore you, as calmly as you can, to tell us the particulars of this horrible charge, and then we'll return home, and talk the matter over with papa and Herbert, and get you out of this horrid house."

Broken by many more ejaculations in the German language, she narrated to her friends the whole tale of her sorrows; showed them the letter she had received the previous day, and, drawing from her bosom the miniature of the General's wife, told them, with a blushing face, the intention she had, when she left home on the previous evening, of raising money upon her little souvenir, till she could redeem it; then described her strange meeting with Herr Von Sulper, the present he had made her, and her return home shortly before Mary paid her second visit; and finished

by telling them how the officer had stopped her on her journey to the house at which she was about to get the money changed into an order on the Coblenz banker.

"My father! My poor father! What will he do? This gold is mine, and yet they dare tell me I am not to use it," exclaimed Maria. "What shall I do?"

"Never mind about the money, darling," said Margaret, "that is the least part of this sad business; they *must* give it you ultimately, and I'll go home and bring dear papa to see you; but first of all I'll ask him to lend you the ten pounds, and see that it is sent off all right to Coblenz, and as soon as this matter is settled we will all come and see you."

Maria then bade her friends farewell, her poor mind easier as far as her father was concerned; but she relapsed again into her former state of nervous agitation as soon as she found herself alone.

(To be continued.)

IN THE CHURCH THERE EXISTS A DIVINE MEANS FOR THE COMMUNICATION AND PRESERVATION OF TRUTH.

THROUGH the confidence which we have in the good sense of our readers, we are sure that, whilst they admit the necessity of the existence of true religion in every age of the world, they are equally convinced that God cannot be satisfied with any sort of worshippers, such as the accidents of human ignorance or malice might cast near his altar. In agreement with the attribute of sanctity, the Lord is (as Scripture says) jealous of the honor of his name, and accordingly has preserved a large and distinguished body of men who held the sacred

deposit of his will, and manifested his glory by the purity of their adoration. This principle is self-evident, and the consequent fact we have shown in the proofs of the unchangeableness of religion and the perpetuity of the Church. Now, it becomes our duty to inquire after the means provided in the execution of heaven's will for the maintenance of religion, pure, holy, and undefiled, in the absence of visible and miraculous interference such as had been witnessed by the patriarchs and prophets. As it is obviously the will of God that all

men, rich and poor, humble and elevated, ignorant and learned, should be saved, it is indispensable that true religion be conspicuous as "a city placed on a mountain." The institution of religion, and the obligation imposed on us of showing ourselves, through its means, to be the humble servants of our Creator, would be inconsistent with the mercy and justice of heaven, if, at the same time, we had not a certain established means to convey unto us the *one uniform and saving faith*. We have, then, only to examine into the means appointed, so that we may with sincerity and security follow the direction of the Supreme Ruler.

It being manifest from the sacred writings that there will be to the end of the world a perpetual warfare between truth and error; that error, having frequently on its side talent, power, eloquence, and various artifices of seduction, the danger of being misled must be very great. How is it that men engaged in such a variety of occupations, often ignorant, deprived of adequate opportunities for acquiring information, can come to the accurate knowledge of truth amidst so many disputes and conflicts of opinion which prevail in the world? This can be effected only through some means provided by the Lord of Truth—a means simple, easy, and within the reach of all men—otherwise a great number must necessarily be mistaken. Many would adhere to truth, as it were by chance, without the meritorious motive of its full appreciation. Hence, the question occurs, What means exist under the providence of God whereby man, involved in ignorance, error, and disputation, may be led into the paths of truth? Let us glance at some of those means suggested occasionally, and which have in some instances received the sanction of human judgment. If each person had an

immediate revelation, a particular inspiration, there is no doubt that we never could make a mistake about the truth. But it is perfectly manifest that Providence has not established such an order of instruction. On the contrary, we are expressly cautioned against pretences of such private illumination in the Prophecy of Jeremiah 23: "*Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Harken not to the words of the prophets that prophecy to you, and deceive you; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.*" In Ezekiel a curse is pronounced on "*the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and see nothing,*" 13. Shall we then have recourse to such persons' private interpretation of the Scripture? This cannot be, for St. Peter expressly assures us that "*no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation.*" Several passages of Scripture which appear very plain, are understood differently by persons of the very best abilities. Multitudes of men cannot read, and are on that account incapable of enjoying such means of information. The experience of ages has shown that there is no error however monstrous which has not been maintained by the authority of some text of Scripture, distorted according to the fancy of the enthusiast or the obstinacy of the proud. There are many persons who suppose that the proper means of religious guidance is found if the Holy Spirit be invoked, when he will, by an interior light, show each individual trusting in him the proper sense of the Scriptures. Suppose that all who believe in such a means seek it according to their principle, why is it that there occurs such an endless diversity of doctrine amongst the partisans of this particular spirit? Most assuredly they cannot be all right, whilst the dogmas they teach are directly opposed.

Either they are deceived by this internal monitor, or they deceive themselves and their neighbors, and insult the Divine Spirit by asserting that he inspires erroneous and contradictory doctrines. It is obvious that by the admission of such a principle each individual would be at liberty to think and act as he pleased, repelling every interference by a justificatory appeal to the influence of the Spirit. Hence the most shocking and frightful consequences would ensue. If it were desirable to establish a diversity of creed, a distraction and variety in the mode of worship, to destroy "*the unity of the spirit, and the bond of peace.*" this would be the proper means to effect such a purpose. The mere conceit of such a thing has already produced the most deplorable consequences. Shall we be referred to a choice of that which is good by a strict and critical examination of the points controverted amongst different parties? In such a case, the greater part of mankind should remain neutral, or decide by chance.

It is easy enough for persons to say, "Come, examine our doctrines," but whilst there are some hundreds of sects equally entitled to a full and exact examination, there are few men who would be willing to consume existence in such an investigation. Having thus examined the most prominent projects set forth by some men, we are obliged to conclude that none of them can be the means established by the Author of Truth as the standard of religion. They are all evidently inadequate to make known and to preserve the uniform and certain worship of the Almighty.

There is an easy and convenient method for setting aside all disputes, and for deciding the important question, towards which reason seems to turn instinctively. Had it been the will of God to

establish in his Church a tribunal of pastors and teachers, perpetual and always visible, and endowed it with the proper understanding of his law; had he promised to this tribunal the assistance of his Spirit, so as to enable it to decide supremely and unerringly on all controversies that may arise with respect to faith in the Church; had he at the same time commanded the faithful to refer all disputed points to this august and sacred tribunal, and to receive its decisions with the deference and submission due to an authority delegated by the Deity; had God in his goodness vouchsafed to his servants this great provision, which alone could forever put an end to all disagreement on the score of religion, it would be the greatest blessing to mankind. It would remove all doubts, and reconcile all parties. Men of science should joyfully submit, because in subjection to the order of the Supreme Lord there could be no derogation to their importance. The uninformed would in this act of submission find compensation for their want of knowledge, being quite on a level with the most learned. All persons would find the convenience and happiness of being able to rest with confidence on the decisions of a tribunal which, speaking with a warrant of supreme authority, with a right to declare what is revealed, would afford security against all perplexity and error. After a review of all other means which might be suggested as adequate to unite us in the consistency and purity of faith, this alone appears efficacious for the attainment of that desirable object. Without it we cannot be united; under its control we cannot fail to enjoy safety and peace; therefore we may expect to find that it has been established by our Heavenly Father.

We proceed now to examine whether it can be proved that the

Almighty has actually established this tribunal, so necessary, so essential for the religious harmony and happiness of mankind. St. Paul assures us that such is the case. In his epistle to the Hebrews, he says: "*God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the Fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by his Son.*" If, then, in the lapse of ages there are variety of times and diverse instruments of instruction, still it is God who speaks, so that every present moment is coincident with the first instant dated by religion, and that which comes last of all is still the voice of God, uttered by the Son by whom the world was made. When the Lord first spoke to the Fathers in the absence of all written documents, the long lives of the patriarchs afforded a sufficient security for all that were anxious to know the truth then handed down from father to son. Coming to a later period, we are clearly informed of the means adopted by Almighty God under the written law. The mysteries of religion and the precepts of the covenant were no longer left to the bare memory of man. The Lord wrote with his own hand upon two tables of stone the principal precepts of religion and society, and dictated the rest to Moses. What was the next step? Did Moses order all the scribes who could be found to make copies of those laws and distribute them among the people, with a statement that the new Scriptures contained all that God had taught? Was a code of laws, compiled in the form of history, poetry, and prophecy, without order or method, put into the hands of the people, with an assurance that they might explain it for themselves without a danger of error? No; but in compliance with the order received from heaven, the Jewish leader formed an assem-

bly of seventy elders, to whom was imparted the spirit which already qualified Moses for the guidance of the people. In the 17th chapter of Deuteronomy the people of Israel are commanded to go to the high priest for the final decision of all their doubts and dissensions: "*If thou perceive that the judgment with thee be hard and doubtful, thou shalt come to the Priests of the Levitical stock, and to the judge that shall be at that time, and thou shalt ask of them, who shall show thee the truth of the judgment, And thou shalt do whatsoever they that are presidents of the place which our Lord shall choose shall say and teach thee, according to his law, and thou shalt follow their sentence; neither shalt thou decline to the right hand, nor to the left hand, But he that shall be proud, refusing to obey the commandments of the Priest which at that time ministereth to our Lord thy God, and the decree of the judge, that man shall die.*" Here the people are commanded to obey a tribunal under pain of death. No condition is affixed. Obedience is required as long as it shall teach the law, and there is an assurance implied that the truth of the law will be taught, because the people are commanded to submit under pain of death, which would not be reasonable if truth and justice were not secured. We have presented to us in the Book of Numbers 16, a remarkable instance of the severity of God's judgment towards those who schismatically revolted against the lawfully ordained ministers of his word. Core, Dathan, and Abiron, and other leading men of the synagogue, refused to submit to the authority of Moses and Aaron, on the plea that all the people are holy, and that therefore the peculiar office of the priests gave them no superiority over others. Such was their private interpretation of the law, in oppo-

sition to their divinely appointed teachers. What was the consequences? No sooner did they sacrilegiously attempt to exercise the priestly office to which they were not ordained, than the "*earth broke asunder under their feet, and opening her mouth, devoured them with their tents and all their substance; and they went down alive into hell.*" Throughout the history of the ancient covenant abundant evidence proves the existence of this tribunal divinely instituted and sustained for teaching the truth of religion. Thus the Prophet Ezechiel, who foresaw during the captivity the re-establishment of his nation, recounts amongst the offices which the priests should again fulfil, this instruction of the people: "*They shall teach my people the difference between holy and profane, and when there shall be a controversy they shall stand in my judgments and shall judge,*" 44. In the Book of Esdras 2 we are told: "*The Levites caused the people to understand the law . . . and they read in the book of the law of God distinctly and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. . . . Then all the people made great joy because they had understood the words that they had taught them.*"

It is therefore perfectly evident, from the brief view which we have taken of the earliest days of religion, that the Lord established in the Church of perpetual duration exactly such a means of learning the truth, of adhering to one

faith, of adoring our God, of being sanctified by the same sacramental grace, as we reasonably expected to find. We see a succession of witnesses scattered through the regulations and history of the Mosaic dispensation, assuring us that the Lord of life raised up in his Church a living, teaching, unerring standard of orthodoxy to guide mankind into the way of salvation, and most particularly the poor and illiterate who cannot read. The high priest and the Levite, the guardians of the ark, and bearers of the censers, were set apart by the decrees of heaven, not merely to shed the blood of oxen, to ignite the pile upon which the holocaust was placed. Moreover, they were to *teach* the people the difference between holy and profane things; to *judge*, not indeed by their own opinions, by their own interpretation, but *standing* in the very judgments of the Almighty. They were to cause the people to rejoice in a full comprehension of their duties, and the prospect of salvation and reward, by communicating to them a perfect understanding of the law. So divinely constituted was that tribunal, so safe and unchangeable in matters of faith, that we receive a character of its authority and unerring veracity from the lips of our Divine Saviour, who said to his disciples: "Upon the chair of Moses have sitten the scribes and Pharisees; all things therefore whatever they shall say to you observe and do."

AT THE MOUTH OF THE PIT.

A STORY.

"I'm sorry for you, Ted Fittock, but it can't be helped. I don't care for you enough to be a good wife to you."

"There's some one else in the way, maybe. If Charlie Arkwright asked you now?"—

The girl to whom this speech was made, in a half-persuading, half-threatening tone, hung her head for a moment ere she answered falteringly:

"You have no right to question me. Charlie has never spoken a word of love to me."

"I know that," said the man, with a short laugh. Then, more gently, "Come, Maggie, don't be hard on me. Ever since we were both a foot high we've been together—playing, walking, singing, working, and what not; don't let's part now we're man and woman instead of boy and girl. I've got a home to offer, and"—

"It's no use talking, Ted; it can't be, I tell you. I love some one else better."

"And that one is Charlie Arkwright, eh?"

"Yes, it *is* Charlie Arkwright, then!" answered Maggie defiantly, looking her suitor full in the face.

"I'm sorry for that, for I doubt if you'll ever see him again."

This was said slowly and deliberately, with something approaching to a sneer, and the expression on the girl's face changed instantaneously to one of anxiety and alarm.

"What do you mean?" she asked; "has any accident happened to him?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why should I not see him again?—tell me, Ted Fittock." Then a look of horror came into

her face. "You do not mean—you dare not venture to—to hurt him!"

"I suppose he can look after himself; he'll have to if he comes across me;" and with a contraction of his brows, Ted Fittock turned abruptly and walked rapidly away, leaving Maggie Searle at her cottage-door, looking wistfully and doubtingly after his retreating form.

The sun had long set when this conversation took place, but there was a ruddy light in the sky which glowed with a smoky crimson, and the night air throbbed with the hum of men and the measured beat of machinery. Countless fires illumined the sky, and shot up their fierce flames high into the heavy air. Night and day alike, the hum of work and the throb of engines continued, for beneath the ground, through the round of the clock, men grimy and muscular toiled incessantly, hewing, digging, and carting by dismal lamplight.

Maggie Searle and Ted Fittock lived in a country where the roads, houses, and even trees, are covered with a fine black powder, where the landscape is marred by tramways and unsightly sheds, and where the male population earns its living underground in the deep-sunk coal-mines. All the men were miners, from Maggie's father (who had raised himself to the position of foreman) down to the little urchin of ten, who watched below, or pushed the laden trucks along the tramways.

It was in the midst of this scenery, and with these surroundings, that Maggie Searle had grown from girlhood to womanhood. The "Pride of the village" the rough men called her, as they looked upon

her fair face and her graceful form. In her presence quarrels were hushed and oaths died away in confused mutterings, for hardly the worst or the roughest of the bad and rough men who divided their time between the mines, their beds, and the public-house, but respected Maggie, and envied the man who might gain her for his bride.

The chances of winning so great a prize were considered tolerably equally divided between Ted Fittock and Charlie Arkwright; but which of the two would in the end be favored was a moot question with the gossips, for Maggie, to tell the truth, was something of a coquette, and if she inclined to Charlie one day, it was Ted who was most favored the next.

Neither had ventured to ask the important question, till Ted Fittock, in the conversation whose termination commences this story, had broached the subject nearest to his heart only to meet with a refusal, and to learn that the girl he loved had already given her affections to his rival.

Wistfully Maggie looked after her rejected suitor as he walked angrily away from her, for his speech had filled her with a vague alarm, and had her pride permitted, she would have followed to beg an explanation of his words. "I doubt if you will ever see him again," he had said. Was it only an idle threat, a cowardly attempt to frighten her, or had the words a significance which she could not yet comprehend?

Uneasy and disquieted, she entered the cottage, where her father sat smoking his evening pipe.

"Father," said she, "will Ted Fittock be down in the pit to-night?"

"Yes, lassie. Why do you ask?"

"And Charlie Arkwright as well?"

"Certainly."

"Then Heaven grant there's no

mischief between them!" she murmured to herself, as one terrible meaning to the words of the man she had refused forced itself into her mind.

* * * * *

Early the next morning, ere any but the earliest of early risers had left their beds, there was a loud and sudden report, as of a tremendous explosion; the earth shook and trembled, and all with one accord rushed to their doors, knowing but too well what the sound betokened. Over one of the mouths of the coal-mine hung a dense black cloud of smoke, and to the scene of the disaster ran in terror wives, mothers, and sisters, whose nearest and dearest had left them well and strong a few hours before, but who were now, for all they knew, lying blackened, charred, and unrecognizable in that terrible pit.

Misery and despair in every form gathered round the pit's mouth—shrieking some, in silent agony others; while, clustered together, a small knot of miners stood arranging plans for proceeding to the assistance of those in the pit, preparing without hesitation to risk their own lives on the chance of rescuing their comrades. Noble, heroic men, with whom personal danger counted as nothing when there were men's lives to be saved.

Suddenly arose a cry of joy. The women whose lamentations had been the loudest ceased to wail, those whose eyes had been blinded with silent tears fixed their gaze on the pit's mouth, while from the men rose a hearty cheer, for a signal had been given from the bottom that men were there alive and waiting to be drawn to the surface.

Immediately the windlass was put in motion. Round, round it went, reeling in the chain slowly, O, so slowly! to the eager anxious crowd pressing near, hoping to recognize husband or father amongst those the bucket was bringing from

out the mine. "Would it never come?" they cried, as with eager eyes they watched for its appearance. At last it reached the surface, filled with miners, while others clung to the chains—miners with scorched clothing, with pallid faces, and with a story on their lips of others waiting below, dreading a second explosion every moment. Down went the bucket again, while the rescued men were surrounded by their friends. Wives wept on their husbands' breasts for joy, while half-distraught women prayed piteously for tidings of their loved ones still in danger.

Amongst the crowd, pale but tearless, moved Maggie Searle. She, with the rest, had earnestly scanned the features of the rescued men, but had failed to discover amongst them either of the two in whom she was most interested.

Timidly she laid a detaining hand on the arm of a rough burly man hurrying past her, whose face and dress told her he was one of those who had been rescued from the jaws of death. "Ted Fittock and Charlie Arkwright—were they both in the pit?" she asked. Yes, he had seen them not long before the explosion, he answered, and hurried on homewards.

Again and again the bucket rose to the surface, and each time Maggie pressed near to scan the faces of the men snatched from destruction, but neither time did she discover either of those she sought. The bucket descended for the last time, and Maggie scarcely dared draw breath, so great was her excitement. Around her on every side she heard the terrible story of the pit on fire, of the suffocating vapor, and of another explosion being imminent. When, after a lapse of time which seemed unbearable to the waiting expectant girl, the signal was given from below of another yet alive in the terrible mine, she could have screamed

aloud. Now it would be that she would see the faces of the rival suitors for her hand, or never again.

As the bucket rose her breath came fast, and her limbs trembled, so great was her agitation. It reached the surface, but it contained one man only, and he, turning his head towards the crowd, revealed the features of Ted Fittock. Instinctively Maggie Searle ran to meet him, and clasped her hands upon his arm. Not to greet him, not to congratulate him on his deliverance, but to ask for news of the other—of that missing man, his rival.

"Where is Charlie? where is he?" she cried vehemently.

Fittock looked at her for a minute without replying; and then, turning sulkily away, asked mutteringly why she applied to him.

"He was there, he was down in the mine," she continued with increased earnestness; "tell me where he is. Is he safe? you have not—have not—left him in the pit!"

Ted Fittock shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and hesitated ere he replied in a nervous, faltering voice, "Yes, he is down there still."

"Down still!" echoed Maggie, "and you stand here to tell me so! Are you a man and leave a fellow-creature to a horrible death? O Ted, Ted! if you ever loved me, for pity's sake go back and rescue him."

"It can't be done," he answered, turning shortly on his heel, as if desiring to end the conversation. But Maggie Searle followed, pursuing him with words and entreaties, all without avail—sulkily, uneasily, and at last angrily he answered her; and then the poor girl turned, miserable and despairing, to a knot of miners conversing together, told them her story, and implored their aid in rescuing the man she loved from a horrible death.

In reply one of them pointed sadly and silently to the shaft, whence volumes of thick black smoke were rising, showing but too plainly that all access to the mine was cut off. Even while she waited, gazing on the smoke with dull, vacant, heavy-eyed despair, came a second explosion, and the bright flames darted up from the pit's mouth, setting fire to the woodwork, and destroying the last faint vestige of hope Maggie had nourished in her heart for the deliverance of Charlie Arkwright from the mine. No words can tell the utter wretchedness of that day to Maggie Searle, drawn out as it appeared by grief to twice its proper length. It was hard, terribly hard, to bear the weight of sorrow pressing on her heart, and as she laid herself upon her bed that night, in the recklessness of misery she prayed that ere the morning she might join Charlie Arkwright.

Two more such days and nights told severely on her health, and when the fourth morning dawned, Maggie Searle lay on her bed unconscious and flushed, struck down by fever, and brought to the verge of the grave.

For weeks she remained in a most precarious state, but at last came signs of tedious gradual recovery.

During her illness Ted Fittock hung about the house, avoiding all intercourse with his companions, and returning sullen answers when compelled to reply to questions put to him by those who wondered at his absence from work, and still more at the change that had come over him since the colliery explosion; and ere Maggie recovered, rumors, whispered at first, but louder expressed afterwards, passed from mouth to mouth which concerned him not a little, hinting as they did at a crime committed by him, and that crime the murder of Charlie Arkwright.

No one knew where the report originated, but slowly and surely the story spread abroad that Ted Fittock had prevented his rival from entering the bucket, and had left him to perish in the pit when an outstretched hand would have saved him from a terrible death; and as the story got wind and obtained credence, Fittock was shunned and looked at askance by his former comrades. If he noticed the alteration in their behavior he heeded it not, but continued as heretofore loitering idly round the cottage where Maggie lay ill, his whole mind and heart, as it appeared, centred in her.

It was a great day for him when Maggie Searle first came out to breathe as much fresh air as the coal-pits would allow her; but Maggie shrank from him and shuddered, as timidly he approached her, and welcomed her back to health. He would not perceive the repugnance with which she looked upon him, but recklessly poured forth a second time his tale of love, beseeching her to be his wife. She shuddered again as she heard his speech, and indignantly she bade him leave her; but though there was decision in her tone, he would not take this reply.

"I have no longer Charlie Arkwright for a rival," he urged, and would have added more, but Maggie turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"*You!*" she cried, "*you* dare say that to me! You, who are guilty of his death; you, who murdered him as surely by leaving him to perish in the mine as if you had shot him from behind a hedge!"

Fittock listened amazed, as one who did not hear aright.

"Maggie, Maggie, for mercy's sake tell me what you mean! I do not understand, I cannot follow you."

Then Maggie Searle told him what rumor said; reminded him

that he and Charles Arkwright had been the only two remaining in the pit, and that he alone had come up from it. She quoted his own words to him, "I doubt if you will ever see him again," and then her feelings overpowering her, she turned from him to sob bitterly for the dead man.

Fittock listened, strangely calm, to her narration; when she concluded there was an expression of pain and sorrow on his face, but not the anguish of a guilty man.

"You believe this?" he said. "You believe that Arkwright's death lies at my door?"

She only answered him with sobs; and he continued, "You have spoken truly; I can never be your husband, for if you loved me ever so little you would not think me capable of that crime. I have been wicked, I have sinned; but ere the month is out you shall alter the evil opinion you have formed of me." And then, without waiting for a reply, he left her; and, rough miner that he was, and criminal as he was, suspected of being, there was a natural dignity in his face and manner that made Maggie Searle feel that she had wrongfully accused him.

The next day and the next passed by, and Ted Fittock was missing. A fortnight elapsed and he had not returned, and the gossips and rumor-spreaders declared he had fled from the scene of his crime, tormented by a guilty conscience, or possibly dreading the hand of justice would be laid upon him; but Maggie Searle refused to credit these reports, and waited expectantly. At the end of three weeks the scandal-mongers were confounded, for Fittock returned, but not alone; for walking by his side in the full glare of a noonday sun was the supposed dead man, Charlie Arkwright himself.

Eager friendly faces welcomed and questioned them, brawny hands

were stretched forth to greet them, but with few words they passed through a wondering crowd, who hardly could persuade themselves it was not a spirit they saw in Charles Arkwright's form, and made their way to the cottage where Maggie and her father resided.

With a cry of joy the young girl threw her arms around the man she loved restored to her from the grave, and sobbed her welcome.

"I have cleared my character," said Ted Fittock gravely; and stooping, he picked from the ground a little piece of ribbon which had bound Maggie's hair, but which had fallen unheeded in her sudden happiness. Fervently he pressed it to his lips, and then hid it carefully in his dress. So occupied with each other were the two lovers, that neither noticed him; but when they came to look for him he was gone. He had stolen from the house unperceived. One or two had seen him skulking along under the shelter of the hedge and making for the open country, but never after that day was he seen again by Maggie, or his old companions.

In due time came Charles Arkwright's explanation. He and Ted Fittock had quarrelled respecting Maggie, each claiming the right to speak of her as his probable wife, and insisting upon the other abstaining from attempted intimacy. Words ran high, till Fittock had suggested as a fair course that they should draw lots, the loser to leave Marley for three months, giving the other the opportunity during that time to persuade Maggie Searle to become his wife. To this, after some demur, Charles Arkwright had agreed. They had drawn lots and he had lost. At once, not trusting himself to bid adieu to any of his friends, least of all to Maggie, he had quitted the place, going first down into the pit to collect some tools belonging to him, and then had stolen away in

the darkness to walk to a neighboring county, where he sought and easily obtained employment.

So far, it was his own story he related; the remainder had been told him by Fittock himself.

Left in possession of the field, he had, as the reader knows, lost no time in declaring his love to Maggie Searle. On being refused by reason of her preference for his rival, he had gone to work in the pit, and had been the last rescued when the explosion occurred. Maggie's alarm and anxiety for Charlie Arkwright's safety had suggested to him a scheme by which he might make her his bride.

He told her her lover was in the pit, without hope of rescue, trusting that she, believing the one dead, might be inclined the more favorably to the survivor, but little dreaming of the foundation he was laying for an accusation of murder

against himself. No sooner, however, did he learn from Maggie of the crime rumor had attached to his name than he started, on foot, to search for Charles Arkwright, never resting till he had discovered him, and brought him back to refute the charge brought against him.

His love had tempted him to a dishonorable action, but he repented, and made amends by restoring his rival to the girl they both loved.

Not many weeks after Charles Arkwright's return, the dearest wish of his life was gratified, and Maggie stood by his side, at the altar, radiant and happy, to promise to "love, honor, and obey," and to return home to live with him, his loved and loving wife, till the great destroyer should lay his hand upon one or other and part them—though but for awhile.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

In every century there has arisen some question, which, by reason of its intrinsic importance, or immediate influence upon society, has been styled the problem of the age. Our century, although differing in many respects from all others, has not been an exception to this seeming law of history. Not a few long-standing grievances have been redressed; knotty political intricacies severed, and brilliant scientific triumphs achieved; yet as important as was the abolition of slavery, the disestablishment of the Irish church, the laying of transmarine cables, or the cutting of Suez, the problem of this age is the adjustment of the oft-debated educational question. Much has been said and many works written upon the subject. It has afforded a noble theme for such orators as Lacordaire and

Archbishop Hughes; and a trying task for the skill of such eminent statesmen as Gladstone and Thiers. There is no better proof of the vital importance of education than the active part taken in its discussion by men of every religious persuasion and political shade. In fact few questions affect so directly the welfare of a nation, and assuredly in this country there is none of greater moment as regards the well-being and permanence of our institutions.

In the last century the immortal Washington declared that the proper training of youth was the *pillar* of society; and in our own Bishop Dupanloup assures us that "it and it alone forms the greatness of a nation, maintains its splendor, and prevents its decay." But it may be argued that intellectual discipline, without the co-operation of any

religious element, will produce these great and inestimable results. This we deny, and in justification of our denial we have merely to recur to history. Did polite literature, for instance, save the most refined nations of antiquity? Listen to the poets of Greece and Rome bewailing the degradation of their countrymen, and sighing for a purer and loftier virtue than any their religion could inspire. Did the eloquence of the orator? The noblest appeals to duty, the most patriotic harangues, palled alike upon a degenerate race. Did the wisdom of the legislator? All the sagacity of Solon and Lycurgus could but retard the downfall of their country. In fine did philosophy? Its schools were often the sinks of vice and gross immorality. No wonder then that the Grecian states declined and went down into a night that knew no morrow.

The Romans, it is true, once added to the speculative wisdom of the Greeks an almost heroic practice of virtue, but they too were swept by a torrent of vice into the common tomb of nations, and but a few broken columns remain to tell the traveller what was once the seat of a world-wide empire.

Separate religion from education and you shall have taken the most effective means of insuring proximate dissoluteness and ultimate ruin. Even the author of *Lothair* recognizes that "without religion the world must soon become a scene of desolation." Intellectual culture can, therefore, attain at most but an ephemeral triumph. It has never saved an empire, nor poured a quickening stream through the veins of a superannuated nation. This inefficiency can be accounted for only by the absence of that pure and sublime faith whose influence tamed the rude nomads of the north, and raised them from a savage state to the loftiest heights of Christian civilization.

Some writers have attempted to define the term education as the development of the mental faculties. This may be a very scientific view of head-culture, but as a definition of education it is very defective and unphilosophical; defective, because it embraces only part; and unphilosophical, because it substitutes the secondary for the essential. We maintain that instruction is but a part of education, of which religion is the parent-stem. If we consult the masters of thought, and those who shape the destinies of nations, we will be surprised to see how unanimously they hold moral training paramount to mere intellectual culture, and how strongly they insist on making the latter always subservient to the former. The better to substantiate this assertion we will give a few quotations, selecting only from Protestant authors. According to Milton, "the sole end of education is to fit man to perform skilfully, justly, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, in peace and war." "The hard and invaluable part of education," says Locke, "is virtue. This is the solid and substantial good, which the teacher should never cease to inculcate, till the young man places his strength, his glory, and his pleasure in it." "We shall never know," says Sir Walter Scott, "our real calling or destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything else as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." And Lord Derby, "Religion is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people." And Guizot, "Popular education to be truly good and socially useful must be fundamentally religious." Thus the essential element of education, the pith and marrow, so to speak, is religion. To exclude it from the

school-room is a crying injustice to the rising generation, and a crime against society. It is not one portion of man, but the physical, the moral, and intellectual being.

Neglect any part of man's nature, and you at once destroy the equilibrium of the whole system, and create disorders; educate a man's body at the expense of his mind and soul, and you have animated clay; educate the intelligence at the expense of the moral and religious being, and you but increase his power to effect evil. You store the arsenal of his mind with weapons to sap alike the altar and the throne; to carry on a war of extermination against every holy principle, and against the welfare and existence of society itself. Catiline, the polished patrician, was more feared than the steel of his hired assassins. The French revolution, the most violent outbreak that ever convulsed society, was ushered in by a blaze of genius that brought desolation and death in its track. Science without religion is more destructive than swords in the hands of unprincipled men. "Talent, if divorced from rectitude," says Channing, "will prove more a demon than a god."

It is these enlightened infidels that arrest the progress of civilization, and prepare those terrible catastrophes which deluge the world with blood. Who were the leaders in the work of destruction and wholesale butchery during the reign of terror? The nurslings of lyceums in which the classic principles of *philosophers* were proclaimed as oracles of truth. Who were those turbulent revolutionists who, a short time since, attempted and all but succeeded in repeating the atrocities of 1793? And who are those secret conspirators who have sworn to unify Italy or lay it in ruins? Men who were taught to scout the idea of a God, and rail at religion; to consider Christian-

ity as a thing of the past, and a legion of isms as the regenerators of the future; men who revel in wild chimeras by night, and seek to realize their mad dreams by day. The frightful excesses to which irreligion leads so struck one of the revolutionists of 1793 that, while yet dripping with blood, he mounted to the pediment of a temple and with a pencil wrote this memorable inscription: "*The French Republic recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being.*" And a few hours before ascending the scaffold to suffer the just penalty of his enormities, he cried out to his countrymen: "The Republic can only be established upon the eternal basis of morality." Robespierre proclaimed the truth. The only safety for a commonwealth, the only source of greatness and prosperity for a nation, as well as tranquillity and happiness for a people, is religion. When men reject its heavenly guidance, duty becomes as void of meaning as *honor* to a *Credit Mobilier Congressman*. The most sacred obligations dwindle into mere optional practices, and the moral code itself soon becomes little more than the bugbear of the weak-minded.

Religion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and triumphs: the cradle of its infancy, the divine source of its claims; it is the safeguard of morality, and morality is the best security of law, as well as the surest pledge of freedom.

If further proof of the immoral tendency of science separated from religion were needed, we could silently point to the nameless abominations of the communists, and such other vile and degraded fraternities. We could dwell on the cold-blooded murders that startle society from time to time, and fill so many hearts with grief and shame; the scarcely concealed corruption of public men; those monopolizing speculations and wilful insolvencies,

so ruinous to society; and above all, to those shocking atrocities so frequent in unbelieving countries, the legal dissolution of the matrimonial tie, and the wanton tampering with life in its very bud. These humiliating facts are sufficient to convince any impartial mind that without religion there can be no social virtue, no morality, no true and lasting happiness.

Here we meet the question: When should these salutary doctrines be inculcated? As well might it be asked when shall the builder lay the foundation for his edifice, or the farmer sow his seed? If religious principles be not laid broad and deep in childhood, there is great danger that the superstructure will topple and fall.

Youth has been called the seed-time of life, and reason proves the same rule to hold good in mental as well as material husbandry.

"What you sow, that you shall reap." Men do not expect to gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles. Yet by a strange inconsistency some would expect virtuous youths from godless schools. But the order of nature cannot be reversed; *like generates like*. In childhood the mind is simple and docile, the soul pure and candid, and the heart may easily be cast into any mould. It is highly important for parents and educators to bear in mind that first impressions are the last forgotten. The pious child may, in after years, be led astray by the force of passion or bad example, but, at least, when the fire of youth has cooled with advancing age, there is great probability that he will return to virtue and piety. With great truth the poet has said:

"Take care in youth to form the heart and mind,
For as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined."

One of the greatest thinkers of our age, thoroughly convinced of the importance of early moral training, would have the air of the school-

room impregnated with religion. "It is necessary," says Guizot, "that natural education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate all its parts." It would be well if some of our liberal-minded Catholic parents, whose children are being educated in the godless public schools, would read and maturely weigh the words of this illustrious statesman and historian.

To-day, more than ever, we need a thorough religious education. The enemies of Christianity are now making war on its dogmas more generally and craftily than at any former period. These attacks for being wilily concealed are the more pernicious. They disguise their designs under the appearance of devotion to progressive ideas, hatred of superstition and intolerance, all the better to instil the slow but deadly poison.

The press teems with books and journals in which doctrines subversive of religion and morality are so elegantly set forth that the unguarded are apt to be deceived by the fascination of the false charms, and to mistake a most hideous and dangerous object for the very type of beauty. Nothing is omitted. The passions are fed and the morbid sensibilities pandered to; firmness in the cause of truth is called obstinacy, and strength of soul a refractory blindness. The discipline of the Church, when not branded as sheer mummery, is held up as hostile to personal freedom, and her dogmas, with a few exceptions, treated as opinions that may be received or rejected with indifference. Nor is this irreligious tendency confined to literary publications, it finds numerous advocates among men of scientific pursuits. The anatomist has dissected the human frame, but failing to find that immaterial substance, the soul, denies

its existence. The geologist, after investigating the earth, tells us that he has overwhelming evidence that it is a mere accidental accumulation of atoms. The astronomer flatters himself that he has discovered laws which dispense with the necessity of admitting that the heavenly bodies were once launched into space by a divine hand that still guides them in their courses. In a word, they conclude that nothing exists but matter; that God is a myth, and the soul a dream.

What, then, must be done to save society from the ruin that threatens

it? to stem the tide that bids fair to sweep away, eventually, civilization itself? There is one remedy, and *but* one. The rising generation must be brought up in a religious atmosphere. If we Christianize our youth, we are sure of having a virtuous people. Let us then infuse good morals by the most powerful of all means, Christian education; let the air of the class-room be impregnated with the life-giving aroma of Christianity, and we shall soon check the torrent of infidelity, avert impending evils, and prepare for the golden days of our republic.

MIDNIGHT BELLS RINGING FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1874.

HARK! how the chime of merry bells
Proclaims the new-born year!

What magic in their music dwells,
To wake the slumbering tear!

It seems as though a thousand strings
Were vocal in my heart,
Breathing of long-forgotten things,
In which I once had part: .

Of festivals and birthdays kept,
And Christmas rife with glee,
When those who long in dust have slept,
Shared joys and hopes with me;
And song, and tale, and frolic mirth,
Beguiled our wint'ry hours,
And holy affection round the hearth
Knit heart to heart with flowers.

The old year's dead, and passed away;
A checkered robe it wore,
Of mingled tints, some dark, some gay,
Like years that went before.
And ah! how many wishes vain,
With days and nights of thought,
Are linked to that prolonged chain
Another year hath wrought?

Awaken, slumberer, from thy sleep!
Count not on things of time!
Up, up, and mount the starry steep,
Supernal regions climb!
Let not another year depart
Without some hopeful tears,—
Some golden fruits laid up in heart,
For the eternal years.

A SOUVENIR OF THE AUTUMN OF 1841.

TOWARDS the close of September, 1841, the lovely banks of the lake Tremezzina glowed in all the beauty of their usual fertility, in the fulness of nature's choicest gifts. Every one said that the banks of the lake, one of the loveliest of Italy, had never been so smiling or so fertile.

Every bank, the whole surrounding plains, the sides of every sloping hill, were still in full verdure; nearly every mountain was covered with luxuriant vineyards, with the pale olive, the tall and shady nut, and thick woods of chestnuts. The vines, rising in long rows, suspended in garlands on the heights and plains, promised an abundant harvest; the twining tendrils were laden with ruby-colored grapes, which the full summer sun had ripened earlier than the usual time; and the laborer's heart rejoiced at the rich prospect of so rich a harvest.

At break of day the inhabitants of all the villages went forth in merry groups, singing their mountain songs, and carrying with them not only their instruments of labor, but barrels, wooden baskets, pails, and whatever vessels they could collect, happy in the thought that these would hardly suffice to carry away the rich harvest. Men and women, old and young, had gone out, leaving the villages deserted. Some old dame or still older grand-sire alone remained in charge of their dwellings, and around these were to be seen some twenty or thirty little ones, rolling on the ground in the midst of hens and chickens, and watched in their gambols by the faithful house-dog.

The gatherers collected in groups of three or four around each vine, dropping the large bunches into their baskets, and singing in loud

clear voices beneath the bright autumnal sun. Children ran about as blithe and nimble as young goats, slyly hiding themselves under the thickest branches, and peeping out from among the leaves with their round fat faces all stained with the juice. The baskets filled, the women carried them on their heads to the gates of the field, where they were emptied into large pails and drawn by oxen up the mountain roads, or borne in deep wooden baskets on the shoulders of the hardy mountaineers. I have seen more than one old man of seventy carrying this burden, and seeming hardly to feel its weight in the gladness of his heart. At noonday the bells of the different churches rang out the Angelus, as it were with a voice of gratitude and thanksgiving. All was life and animation, and no sight could be brighter or more beautiful.

But towards the close of this happy day, all at once a small but thick black cloud rose behind the crest of the mountain, and slowly rested on its summit. Towards evening it gradually increased in density, as one black cloud rolled slowly over another. The villagers in the field and the fishermen on the lake pointed them out to each other with surprise and an uncertain feeling of dread. During the early evening this group of clouds remained motionless and threatening, contrasting in their heavy darkness with the pure serenity of the surrounding sky. Late in the evening the tired villagers returned to their homes, but before going to rest each family met before the door and devoutly repeated their Rosary, some from time to time turning their eyes towards the mountain to see if that cloud had

broken or dissipated. It was still there, black and threatening. Suddenly the aged recalled the terrible storms that they had heard of in their youth, and all thought of the unfinished harvest.

The following day was Sunday, but no bright sun appeared to cheer this lovely country. The sky was covered with thick clouds during the whole day, and it seemed as if nature, full of sadness and alarm, was anticipating some great shock. The country-people wandered slowly along the narrow roads and on the shores of the lake, looking at the sky, and shaking their heads gloomily as the air became heavy and oppressive beneath the lowering clouds. In the village churches and in the grass-grown graveyards they were waiting for vespers; many prayed; many kneeling on the ground, their heads bowed down, and, oppressed by the heaviness of the atmosphere, thought only of coming misfortune.

All at once the wind descended from the mountain and spread over the plains; the storm came on; one vivid flash struck a large oak which had seen more than one century; and the rain began to fall in large drops. Mothers pressed their little ones closer to their bosoms, the old men prayed aloud, and from the sheds was heard the melancholy lowing of the oxen. As evening came on, the storm increased, the mountains disappeared amid the heavy rain which fell in ceaseless torrents, and darkness added to the universal terror. From the mountain heights, the gorges, and the old beds of streams, the water precipitated itself with increasing force, carrying with it uprooted trees, stones, and earth, and numbers of impetuous torrents were opened all at once in the bosom of the mountains.

The streams swelled suddenly, and the sides of the mountains were soon cleared of all vege-

tation; the earth itself, the long work of toil of hundreds of poor families, was swept away, leaving only the hard bare rock.

At last this torrent of waters carried away the frail bridges which had been thrown across the mountain gorges; in one short hour whole plains became lakes, and everything was destroyed which obstructed the waters' path. Those only who have been witnesses of such scenes can form an idea of the desolation and terror which was spread around.

But the most dreadful sight appeared when the waters, after having passed over the upper lands, came down with the rapidity of almost a mile a minute, and spread themselves over the country bordering on the lake; the arches of the bridges, high stone walls, inclosures, all gave way before the impetuous torrent of waters.

The fury of the wind had detached part of the roofs from many of even the strongly built houses, and the rain penetrating rapidly, the inhabitants sought shelter in the lower rooms; but here the danger was greater still,—the flood from without, bursting open the doors in many places, poured into the rooms.

At midnight desolation and dismay had spread on all sides. The church-bells rang aloud, and the villagers came out to lend help where the danger was greatest. Women, leading their little ones by the hand, or with their infants in their arms, fled on all sides, seeking a refuge from the flood; the old and infirm called aloud for pity and guidance; all fled, not daring to look back, fearing to see the overthrow of their desolated abodes. Many fled to the churches, but when these in their turn were flooded, or the roads which led to them were become streams, then these poor creatures knocked loudly at the doors of the few

villas which, being situated higher up the mountain, had escaped. All opened readily, and received in numbers the poor half-clad people, trembling with cold and fright.

The courageous mountaineers helped with all their power to turn aside the torrents, and risked their lives in saving those who had not escaped in time; bareheaded, in the midst of the pouring waters, some crossed the inundated plains, and carried out those who had been left behind in the houses. In the midst of this scene were heard the cries of those who called for help, the lamentations of women and children, the loud voices of those who were trying to put order into the confusion which prevailed on all sides, and the distant echo of the thunder, which had not yet ceased.

This terrible scene lasted the whole night. No such calamity had ever been heard of before in this part of the country; it was not *one* storm, it was the bursting of *many*,—a second deluge, which ravaged not Lario alone and its neighboring mountains and hills, but which was felt more or less all over Lombardy; and not only was Northern Italy visited with inundations, but nearly the whole of the south of France. It was a common calamity, which put the charity of mankind to the test.

I will not dwell longer on the heartrending scenes of that night; but I shall never forget the touching story which I heard the next day from a poor woman of one of the mountain hamlets, one of the many sufferers in this visitation.

The following morning broke clear and bright, but its beauty only served to increase the sorrow which was felt by all at the sight of the ruin and desolation which was spread on all sides of the country, so smiling and fertile only two days before. The air was cool and serene, and the distant hills looked

more beautiful than ever; but the villages and hamlets, the houses and the whole surrounding country, presented a scene of misery which can hardly be described. Through the valleys and down the sides of the mountains hundreds of swollen streams still poured and rushed on into the lake, carrying with them broken furniture, large branches and trunks of trees, and other remains of the destruction they had caused.

The poor people were to be seen striving to save what they could; some few children, stooping over the sides of the mountain torrents, were picking out from among the stones and sand the soiled bunches of grapes which only a few hours before had been the source of so much joy. These poor creatures were houseless and destitute, having lost nearly all they possessed. It was a sad sight, and one which moved the heart to pity. I visited Griante, San Lorenzo, and Tre-mezzo, one after the other; I ascended the mountain to Viano, to the church of Sant' Aboudio, to those few scattered huts called *mezzagra*—all were nearly in ruins. On my return towards the banks of the lake I came upon a group of country-people standing round a poor woman who was crying and lamenting bitterly; she was about sixty years of age, but tall and upright, her hair was long and still black as jet, and her head was covered with a red-cotton handkerchief, the ends of which hung down over her shoulders. She wore the usual dress of the mountaineers—a white-cotton jacket, coming down below the hips, a blue and white petticoat, with a pair of high-heeled wooden shoes. In the expression of her pale, wan face, grief, anger, and desperation might be read; a strange convulsive smile was on her lips, and large tears rolled down her faded cheeks; with her head erect, and raising her bare arm,

while she pointed to the mountain with her finger, she looked the picture of some old sibyl.

"See," she said in the energetic and figurative language of the inhabitants of the mountains, "see that white mass there by the hill's side, which looks like some huge stone by the way, or some fragment torn from the rock, who would think that on that spot twenty poor creatures are left homeless, and the Lord who reigns above has willed that all they had in the world should have been swept away in one night? His eye is on all, but even He, merciful and just though He be, even He wearies of evil which ceases not; He sends to each one his share of punishment, to us to-day, to-morrow it will be the turn of some other; we all deserve His wrath, it is our sins which provoke Him to anger. Do you think that God sleeps? did He close His eyes yesterday? Even the thunder was not sent in vain, it was His voice which spoke!"

Here the old woman turned quickly round on hearing the voice of a child, who came running up to her and clung to her side.

"Poor innocent!" she said, "thou camest into this world in an unlucky hour; this is the youngest of my ten children, and you all—you know what it is to have children and not to have bread to give them. O Lord, we are sinful, but Thou art just!"

Here some among the crowd approached the poor woman, trying to comfort her with kind and soothing words, but she waved them off.

"Go," she said, "you too have your sorrows, your wounded spirits to heal; I, a poor old woman, have seen perhaps the last of my misfortunes; but you—have you not still mothers, wives, children? Though it was not *now*, your turn will come; do penance while there is time, because He who reigns above does not give warning of His com-

ing—high and low, rich and poor, all alike; did not the deluge drown the whole world?"

At these words, which the old woman spoke as if she were inspired, the crowd looked at each other with a mixture of fear and compassion; but she shook her head, and wiping the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand, she said,

"I have seen many troubles, and I know that in this world we all ought to say, 'God's will be done,' but all my sorrows are nothing to those of last night. O Lady of help! O Madonna del Soccorso! Eternal rest to those poor babes!"

So saying, she made the sign of the cross, and joined her hands as if in prayer.

"Good woman," said I, greatly moved, "heaven will comfort you under your trials. Tell me your sorrows; if I cannot help, I can at least pray with you."

"Do you not know, then?—O holy Virgin!"

"But the afflictions of this night have been so many, that nearly all have cause for tears."

"But the whole country knows mine."

One or two of the bystanders then began to speak.

"Silence," she said, with a wild and angry look, "you who did nothing for us! I myself saw them; I see them now." And lowering her voice almost to a whisper, yet so distinct that all could hear: "Yesterday no one knew what they were doing; all were running backwards and forwards like lost sheep; not one could read the sentence which was written above; I too was forgetful, I too forgot my sins; but 'he who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind.' My poor old man! you all know him, and call him 'fool'—and it is true that since that affair with the carabinciers he is often more fool than sane—yesterday he went out at sunrise, and

sat down on the stone at the door-post, every minute looking up and down, listening to every breath of wind. 'There is some dire misfortune coming on,' said he; 'go to the mountain, Gertrude, and call out to our two lads to bring down the cows; send Donato into the village to warn Pietro and Tonio not to stay playing in the churchyard, nor to wander off down to Lenno. Annunziata alone is absent. If you see any one from Belvedro bid them tell her to come up here with her two little ones. So we shall all be united; and if we are to die we shall die together.' I answered him only by indifference, muttering that he knew not what he said. Soon after he mounted the hill where a trunk of a tree was lying, struck last summer by lightning. Pushing it with his whole strength, it rolled forward, and rested at the huge stone by the door of our poor hut. Then, without once looking behind him, he went on slowly mounting upwards, following the bed of the torrent, till he came to the spot where the old cross stands. I think I see him now, calling loudly to our poor boys, but they were too far off to hear his voice. He returned, making strange gestures in the air, and again seated himself by the door.

"Two hours had not passed before the rain began. Pietro, Tonio, and Donato came to their poor home. Battista, Andrea, and Annunziata were still wanting; and my poor man had no peace all day. Evening came, and Donato lit the lamp before the Madonna. We were all close together; none of us spoke. The waters came pouring on, for God sent them. One loud peal of thunder shook our hut. We thought not of our fields, our harvest—the torrent was destroying all. Donato began to scream aloud. I could hardly hold him in my trembling arms. The flood had come in upon us by the door and

window; the wind rattled over the roof, as if each moment it would be carried away, and the voice of the thunder drowned my children's cries. Our old man sat mute and still on his wooden stool, bent down, his elbows on his knees, and his head buried in his hands. We all trembled, but he sat there motionless. Battista began to say the Rosary, and we to answer. Suddenly he got up, staring with glazed eyes at the water which had spread over the whole floor. 'Hush,' said he; 'what is the use of your prayers? Do you not see that the water is the color of blood?'—O, that night, that night! We looked at him in silence. Donato alone wept—the old man put his finger on his lips. 'Silence! who cries? The sins of the father are visited on the children!' His eyes still glared at the water, which got higher each moment. At last, shaking from head to foot, he staggered, and fell full-length to the ground!"

We were all touched to the soul by the old woman's tale; but she no longer wept, and seemed to have gained courage in telling her sorrows. Coming nearer to me, she continued,

"It was one in the morning. The storm increased in fury, and it seemed as if all was over with us. Then between each peal of thunder we heard the bells of the village churches in the distance. Each stroke filled us with fresh dread, for it told us that other unfortunate beings were in greater peril than ourselves. Tonio and Pietro could no longer remain quiet, but rushed out through the open door. At that moment I thought of my Nunziata, of her little ones; and bidding my two girls look after their father, and get him to bed if possible, I too went out, and, alone in that terrible night, under the deluge of rain, I set out for Belvedro, walking sometimes with the water above

my knees, and stumbling over the heaps of stones and earth. By the vivid flashes of lightning I saw nearly the whole of Mezzagra inundated, and even in that moment of terror I saw too, as by a miracle of the Lord, that our hut had been saved from ruin by that tree thrown there by my old man. It had turned aside the torrent, and left it standing, when so many others had been swept away. Was it not an inspiration from Heaven?"

"And were you not terrified to go out alone in such an awful night!" said one among the group around her.

"Am I not a mother? and for us mothers is there not the Madonna above? Listen well. I hardly knew where I was, where I went; I ran down in desperation towards the house of my child; I met people hurrying to and fro, saving all they could save from the fury of the flood; at every step I had to climb over walls thrown down, wade through the waters, my heart fainting within me at the sight of this chastisement of God. Passing by Bolzanijo, I came upon the Piazza of Belvedro, when I saw a man running down the road opposite me. Under each arm he carried a child; he ran with all his speed so as to cross the Piazza before the torrent overtook him, when, O holy saints! he falls on his knees. He gets up; on he comes, looking behind him to see whether the torrent is gaining on him; all now seems lost. I see by the constant and vivid flashes of lightning that he has fallen again over a mound of stones and earth; the water surrounds him, is far above his knees; again he rises, but, O my God! the children are gone. He utters a cry which might have been heard beyond the lake; by another vivid flash I see him struggling in the water, which now reaches to his waist. One poor babe he seizes by the hair; but the

torrent is too powerful, and those two poor innocent souls are fled together to their Maker. Others now come to the poor man's help; they draw him, more dead than alive, out of the water, and lay him down there—at my feet. Then I knew that it was Bernardo, the husband of my Nunziata, and that those poor babes were the children of my children!"

The old woman was silent, and looked round upon each one of us; then, as if worn out by the effort she had made, began to cry bitterly.

"And the unhappy mother?" I asked.

"They bore her up to her father's house, almost beside herself," said one of the bystanders.

"And who knows where the bodies of those two babes are? This morning we have carried away the earth, stones, and fallen rock, and searched in every place, but have not found them."

"The Lord wanted them in heaven," said another with stoical indifference; "one more or one less, what matters? the poor have always too many children."

Meanwhile I thought of those words of the old man's—

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children!"

The woman refused almost with disdain to accept the money I offered her; she seemed as if proud of her great sorrow; she pointed to her mountain dwelling, saying,

"We can die up there as we have lived," and went her way sadly.

The next morning I ascended to the heights of Mezzagra; I could not resist the wish I felt to visit Gertrude's cottage; the road wound round the mountain by a narrow path cut out of the rock. Before the door was a small open space; on one side were the ruins of what had been a stone wall; on the other remained a few roots only of a thick hedge. In front of the hut sat Gertrude, leaning over a fire

which she had made to cook their wretched meal—the remains of a loaf of bread boiled in water and seasoned with salt. Before the door on his wooden stool the old man was sitting in his usual posture, his elbows on his knees, and his bald head resting between his bony and withered fingers. At his feet an unhappy creature sat crouching, who though exposed to the full rays of the sun was trembling all over. I knew that this was Annunziata, the poor childless mother. None of the family took any notice of my approach. Gertrude was almost hidden by the cloud of black smoke which rose from the fire, and sat slowly stirring the contents of the large iron pot. I went up to the old man, and said some words of sympathy and kindness. He slowly raised his head and fixed his red and swollen eyes on my face, trying by broken and incoherent words to make me understand the greatness of his sorrow. His poor child, who never raised her eyes from the ground, held a rosary in her hand, and without moving her lips, without giving any other sign of life, slowly let the beads slip through her fingers. Gertrude meanwhile had taken the pot from the fire, and was serving out the contents to her two youngest boys, who began to eat ravenously. Going up to one of them, I put a piece of money into his hand and quietly left the unfortunate group.

The same evening, while walking with the curé of Belvedro, I spoke to him of my meeting with the old woman of Mezzagra, the visit I had made, and the effect which the touching scene had made on me.

“I will explain the whole mystery,” said he: “it is a sad tale, which happened some years ago. That old man was formerly the scapegrace of the village, idle and headstrong, always getting into

troubles out of which it was difficult to extricate him. At last he fell into the company of a gang of men who led him into all kinds of evil—poaching and smuggling, the worst of all, not so much for the risk, but because they lead these poor fellows into daring acts pleasing to their natural courage, and into constant skirmishes with the police, which often end in bloodshed and even death.

“One night, he and three other men, laden with contraband goods, left their village, and came noiselessly down to the lake. Hidden in one of its small inlets was a boat waiting for them, and in it the woman you met yesterday was sitting, the oars in her hands ready to start; no sooner, however, had the men approached the water’s edge, when three soldiers who had been prowling about the spot for several days appeared from behind a projecting rock; the men were just nearing the boat when the soldiers came on them. Throwing down his burden, one of the smugglers, in order to give time to his companions, turned boldly round and fired.

“This was the signal for the attack. Our mountaineer threw the goods he carried behind a hedge, and firing his musket, one of the soldiers fell to the ground close by him bathed in his blood; the smuggler sprang forwards to the boat, when a ball struck him in the arm, and he fell into the lake, striking his head violently against the boat’s stern. It was then that his brave wife, strengthened by the sight of her husband’s peril, leant over the side and succeeded in catching hold of the drowning man, and dragging him in: to seize the oars and push out with her strong arm far into the lake was the work of a moment; the other three men were taken. The courageous woman who had thus bravely saved her husband’s life managed to keep him concealed

until the affair had blown over, and fortunately for him the soldier who had been wounded recovered.

"Five or six years passed by and the story ceased to be spoken of; it was only lately that I became aware of the facts. But the poor man was no longer the same; the blow he received on the head when he fell brought on disease of the brain and left his reason troubled; the idea that he had killed the soldier whom he saw weltering in his blood, added to the fear of eternal condemnation, has embittered his

subsequent life, and made him an object of pity to all the inhabitants of the village; nor has it ever been possible for us to make him believe that the soldier still lives. Surrounded by his many children, he is treated by them with that reverence which the uncultivated but honest minds of the poor usually feel for those who are bereft of reason."

So spoke the good priest: meanwhile, the sun had set gloriously behind the mountains, lately the scene of so much desolation and ruin.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread:
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow; while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

To our limited understandings it sometimes seems that Nature delights in curious freaks; but when we come to analyze her apparent vagaries they resolve themselves into mere instances of the working of simple laws.

Echoes are reflections of sounds; a flat surface like a blank wall is to sound what a looking-glass is to light. A sounding-board placed over a speaker's head catches the sounds that would otherwise be dispersed in the space above him, and reflects them down upon the audience beneath. The voice is echoed, but we do not hear both the direct and reflected sound because the interval between them is too short. The reflecting surface must be at some distance to allow an appreciable time to elapse for the sound to travel to it and come back again to the ear. The travelling rate of sound in air is about 1100 feet a second, and reflected sound travels at the same speed as direct; hence by noticing the time which elapses between a sound and its echo we may estimate how far off the echoing surface is situated.

Of remarkable echoes many are known. There is the celebrated one in the Gap of Dunloe, where the sounds are reflected again and again, so that when a trumpet is blown at the proper place the return notes reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadences. Alpine travellers, too, tell of wonderful warblings of echoes in the Swiss mountains. The rolling and pealing of thunder is due to echoes of the primary clap, which are generated in the clouds. A curious echo occurs at the London Colosseum. Mr.

Wheatstone found that a syllable pronounced close to the upper part of the wall of this structure was repeated a great many times. A single exclamation sounded like a peal of laughter, and the tearing of a sheet of paper like the patter of hail.

We have said that sound travels through the air at the rate of about 1100 feet a second; but this speed depends upon the elasticity and density of the air; and as the elasticity depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperature its rate is 1090 feet a second; at 80° Fahrenheit, it is 1140 feet. So that sound travels slower in winter than in summer. Its velocity through other substances than air is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4160 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times this speed.

In travelling through space, sound diminishes in intensity, and, like light and other actions, it does this in proportion to the square of the distance traversed. A man two yards from a bell only hears one-fourth of the sound that reaches an ear distant one yard. A man three yards off only catches one-ninth of it; another four yards distant a sixteenth, and so on. The reason of this rapid rate of diminution, and of this invariable proportion, is obvious. If a certain sound will fill a sphere one yard in diameter with a certain intensity, that same sound, dispersed through a sphere six yards in diameter, and therefore spreading over thirty-six times as much space, will be, as it were, diluted to a thirty-sixth of its strength.

But this decrease only takes place in free air. In a room the sound is confined, and its lateral diffusion is prevented, so that the rule, although perfectly true as regards the sound coming directly from the musical source, is not quite applicable to the general effect produced by the reflection and dispersion of the sonorous waves. Indeed, sound confined, or prevented from dispersing, may be conveyed to great distances. There seems to be no limit to the actual distance to which it may be carried in a tube. The French philosopher Biot, experimenting on the transmission of sound through the empty water-pipes of Paris, found that he could hold a conversation in a low voice through an iron tube 3120 feet in length; the lowest possible whisper could be heard at this distance.

The leading of sound through tubes was practiced in early times, and no doubt speaking images and oracular responses depended upon this acoustical phenomenon. In our own time we have had talking heads. But modern sight-seers know all about tubes; so the heads have been isolated from solid supports, and carried by suspending chains. No matter. The mouth of the figure has been made hollow, or a trumpet bell has been placed in it; the sound has been led by a tube to some concealed orifice directly in front of this bell-mouth, and being as it were injected thereinto, has been thrown out again towards the astonished audience, who have thus been made to believe that the talking has been the result of some highly ingenious mechanism contained within the image. Nevertheless, successful attempts have been made to imitate the human voice by mechanical instruments. In the last century, the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg proposed as a prize subject an inquiry into the nature of the vowel sounds

and the construction of an instrument for artificially imitating them. The question was solved by M. Kratzenstein, who showed that all the vowels could be pronounced by blowing through a reed into tubes or chambers of various forms. At about the same time a Viennese mechanician, M. Kempelen, made a series of elaborate experiments which led to the construction of a machine that could be made to utter not merely vocal sounds, but words and even some few complete sentences, such as *opera, astronomy, Constantinopolis, vous êtes mon ami, Romanorum imperator semper Augustus, &c.*

Sound is produced by certain vibrations or pulsations communicated to the atmosphere. When we pluck a harpstring we set it quivering, and cause it to give to the adjacent air a rapid succession of blows: the number of these blows in a second depending upon the length and tension of the string. If the string only gave one push to the air we should hear but one noise or blow: but as in vibrating it gives a rapid succession of pushes, we experience a rapid succession of noises, and these resolve themselves into a continuous sound.

Noises may become musical if only they succeed each other at equal intervals of time and with sufficient rapidity. If a watch could be caused to tick a hundred times in a second, the ticks would lose their individuality and blend into a musical tone. If the flapping of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate the bird would make music in its flight. The humming-bird does this, and so do thousands of insects whose wings vibrate with great rapidity. The highness or lowness, what we call the pitch, of a sound, depends upon the rapidity with which these pulses fall upon the air. When they come at the rate of fifty or sixty a second we have a deep

growling bass sound; when at the rate of from twenty to thirty thousand in the same interval, the sound is a piercing treble. The human ear becomes deaf to such high sounds as result from these extremely rapid pulsations. It seems that the tympanic membrane is incapable of receiving and communicating more than about 20,000 blows in a second. But the limit varies with different persons; the squeak of a bat, the chirrup of the house-sparrow, the sound of a cricket are unheard by some people who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.

Since the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of pulsations reaching the ear in a given time—suppose that we run towards a source of sound, what is the consequence? Evidently the vibrations are crowded upon the ear more quickly than they would be if we stood still, and conversely, if we run away from a sound they come upon us more slowly. Hence arises the curious phenomenon, that in the first case the sound is sharpened, and in the second case flattened by our motion. This may be observed at any railway station during the passage of a rapid train. As the engine approaches, the sonorous waves emitted by the whistle are virtually shortened, a greater number of them being crowded into the ear in a given time. As it retreats the sonorous waves are virtually lengthened. The consequence is, that in approaching the whistle sounds a higher note, and in retreating a lower note, than if the train were stationary.

Although a plucked string, or a string otherwise made to vibrate, produces sound by beating the air, it must be observed that a string is too small a thing of itself to set in motion such a mass of air as is

necessary to fill a room with sound. Hence to make strings available for musical instruments they have to be so connected with larger surfaces as to set them in vibratory motion. These surfaces we call sound-boards, and in every stringed instrument the most important feature is this sonorous medium. The quality of this part of a piano, harp, violin, or lute, determines the entire goodness of the instrument. The sound-board must be able to take up and give out to perfection every vibration that every string offers to it, or it will not do its duty properly, and the instrument, of which it is almost body and soul, will be a bad one.

The high value set upon venerable violins is not entirely fanciful. The molecular changes that age works in the nature of the wood they are made of have an important influence over their sounding qualities. The very act of playing has a beneficial effect; apparently constraining the molecules of the wood, which in the first instance were refractory, to conform at last to the requirements of the vibrating strings.

When a string, or a column of air in a pipe, is put in vibration, it not only vibrates as a whole, but it subdivides itself into proportional parts, each of which has its own time of vibration, and gives forth its own sound. These supplementary sounds are called harmonics; and it is the mingling of these with the fundamental note produced by the vibration of the whole string or air-column that determines the quality of the emitted tone, or what we, following the French, call the *timbre*. A violin and a clarinet may give forth the same note; yet their sounds will be quite different in tone, because the auxiliary vibrations accompanying the fundamental note in each are different.

Vibrations imparted to the air are frequently taken up by solid

bodies at a distance. When music is being played, it is not uncommon to hear the lamp-glasses or other sounding bodies in the room join in the concert. In those cases the glass picks out from the general clamor that particular set of vibrations which it is capable of taking up, and rings in harmony with the note producing them whenever that note is sounded. A sounding tuning-fork will thus excite a silent one to play with it. Two pendulum-clocks fixed to the same wall, or two watches lying on the same table, will take the same rate of going, through this sympathetic communication of vibrations; and what is more remarkable, if one clock be set going and the other not, the ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start its neighbor.

It is in consequence of this property that the sound of a particular organ-pipe will sometimes break a particular window-pane, and that a powerful voice can crack a wineglass by singing near it. The story goes that the Swiss muleteers tie up their bells at certain places, lest the tinkle should bring an avalanche down.

But the most beautiful instances of sympathy in sound are afforded by the phenomena of musical or sensitive flames. To Professor Lecomte belongs the honor of first calling attention to these curiosities. The Professor was assisting at a musical party one evening, and he says, "Soon after the music commenced, I observed that the flames of a fishtail gas-burner exhibited pulsations which were exactly synchronous with the audible beats. This phenomenon was very striking to every one in the room, and especially so when the strong notes of the violoncello came in. It was exceedingly interesting to observe how perfectly even the trills of this instrument were reflected on the sheet of flame. A deaf man

might have seen the harmony." By experiment, he found that the vibrations were not due to the shaking of the walls and floor of the room, but were communicated directly from the music to the flame. This interesting subject has been followed up extensively. It has been found that those flames only are sensitive which are on the point of flaring, or roaring, as some would term it. A common fishtail burner, just at the point of fluttering, but still giving out a clear sheet of flame, is thrown into a state of commotion, spurring out quivering tongues, when a whistle is blown in its neighborhood. A bat's-wing jet behaves in a similar manner, throwing forth its tongues whenever an anvil is struck with a hammer. Professor Tyndall makes flames almost dance to music. He places a long rod-like flame and a short one side by side; upon blowing a whistle, the long flame becomes short, forked, and brilliant, and the short one long and smoky. The most marvellous flame exhibited at his lecture on this subject was a long thin one, twenty-four inches high. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduced the height of this flame to seven inches. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it became violently agitated, and emitted a loud roar. The creaking of a boot set it in commotion; so did the crumpling of a piece of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress. The patter of a raindrop startled it. At every tick of a watch held near it, down it fell. The twitter of a distant sparrow, or the chirp of a cricket, produced the same effect. When Professor Tyndall recited Spenser's verse, commencing, "Her ivory forehead full of bounty beams," the flame seemed to show its appreciation of the language; it noticed some sounds with a slight nod, to others it bowed more distinctly, and to certain others, again, it made a profound

obedience. To the performance of a musical box, the flame behaved like a sentient being. Jets of smoke are acted upon like flames, and so are jets of water, under certain conditions.

The loud noises which caves and rocky inclosures give forth when low sounds are uttered in them are well known. Bunsen has noticed that when one of the steam jets of Iceland breaks out near the mouth of a cavern, a thunder-like sound is produced. When a hollow shell is placed close to the ear, a low, murmuring noise is heard, which little children readily believe is the rolling of the sea. These phenomena are the effects of resonance, and resonance is the reinforcement of one sound by echoes of itself. If we speak into the mouth of a hollow tube the sound vibrations of the air pour down the tube to the bottom; striking against this, they are reflected, and turn back again; on their way back they meet others going down, and, union giving strength, they reinforce each other, and a doubled sound issues from the tube; it may be that several reflections conspire to reinforce the original sound several times, and then for a light whisper we have a loud roar.

The channel of the ear itself is a resonant cavity. Every one is familiar with the experiment of holding a poker by two strings, one in each hand, thrusting the fingers in the ears, and striking the poker against some hard substance. A sound is experienced by this means which is as deep and sonorous as a cathedral bell. It is due to the reinforcement of the vibrations of the poker in the hollow cavity of the ear. When we blow gently across a closed tube, such as the pipe of a key, the gentle fluttering of our breath is so reinforced by the resonance of the cavity that a whistle is produced. An organ-pipe gives forth its powerful note

on the same principle; the prime source of the sound is only a gentle puff of wind blown against a sharp edge; this produces a flutter in the air, and some particular pulse of this fluttering is converted into a musical sound by the resonance of the associated column of air. If a tuning-fork be sounded and held in front of the slit near the bottom of an organ-pipe, the pipe will resound as if it had been blown into. But the pipe and the fork must yield the same note, or the former will not "speak." Any cavity will not fully resound to any sound; it is only when the note the pipe would give if blown into is the same as that given by the fork, that the resonance is perfect.

But while sound will augment sound, the opposite is likewise the case; sound will destroy sound. As this curiosity brings us to silence, it shall be the last mentioned here.

Sound consists in waves or pulses travelling through the air. Now a wave consists of an elevation and a depression. Suppose that two waves come together. If elevation meet elevation they augment each other, and a double elevation is the consequence; if depression meet depression, the effect is similar; we have a depression of double the depth. But if elevation meet depression, what follows? Clearly they destroy each other, and the result is, nothing. So it follows, that when two sounds meet in such a manner that the elevations of the waves of one meet the depressions of the waves of the other, silence is produced. Just the same thing occurs in the case of light, which is also a wave motion. An optician (we do not mean a spectacle and telescope maker, but a scientific student of optics) can make two rays of light so clash that darkness is the result. In an ordinary tuning-fork the vibrations of one prong do really, to a considerable extent,

destroy those of the other. Any one may convince himself of this by sounding a fork and then placing a cardboard tube over one prong,—of course without bringing tube and prong into contact. The emitted sound will be stronger than when both prongs were exposed. The actual silencing of one prong by another may thus be heard: sound a fork and hold it to the ear;

slowly turn it round, and you will hear the sound continually die out and revive again. The points of silence are easily discovered; they are in the directions of the corners of the prongs. It is here that elevation—of the waves generated by one prong—meets depression—of the waves generated by the other prong. One kills the other, and we have silence.

MISSAL PAINTING.

WE have most of us seen, in the library of some friend curious in literary treasures, some of those beautiful painted manuscripts which are called *illuminated*. This work was one of those carried on in the monasteries of the Christian world between the first century and the introduction of printing, and was chiefly bestowed upon copies of the Holy Scriptures, missals, and other religious books. Upon these the artist taxed the utmost power of his skill and industry, and with such success that modern science and modern taste are left behind by the brilliant coloring and artistic beauty of some of these designs.

But the art of illuminating did not originate with Christianity, for the rolls of Egyptian papyri, within sixteen centuries before Christ, are decorated with rude drawings representing scenes of the Egyptian mythology, and some of them are elaborately painted and gilded. The Romans, too, are supposed to have had some knowledge of the art of illuminating manuscripts; but it was not till Christianity

arose that it attained to perfection. The rolled MSS. were probably never decorated in this manner; none of those dug up from Herculaneum and Pompeii have any traces of it; but as soon as books assumed their present form, early in the second century, these decorations began to be made. That the art had made some progress in the time of St. Jerome (the fourth century) may be inferred from his complaints of its abuse, the pages of books being filled up by capitals of enormous size. Gold and silver inks were used, and the vellum written upon was stained with rose color or purple, to throw out the gold and silver letters. Some of the MSS. of this period were written in silver on a lilac ground, the name of God being in gold; but this magnificent form of copying was devoted chiefly to the four Gospels and other Scriptures. It was not till the seventh century that the initial letter sprung up; in the most ancient MSS. it is not different from the text.

It is interesting to find that about the same time a style of art arose

in Ireland of an entirely original character. Her monasteries were numerous and renowned, and the inmates sent forth from them taught Christianity to Scotland, and to the Saxons the art of illuminating. Dagæus, abbot of Iuskeltra, was an illuminator, and lived in the early part of the sixth century.

Up to the twelfth century the great point in these MSS. was the initial letter, and the coloring was very rich. The initial letters by degrees became larger and larger, and at last their tails reached the whole length of the page. Then they were carried round three sides of the page, and the name of *Gothic bracket* was given to this style

of ornament; the Gothic bracket finally embraced the whole page, and was called the *Border*, into which were introduced foliage, flowers, and animals, with miniatures also.

But printing arose, and from that time this beautiful art began to decline. The earliest printed books were, however, illuminated, spaces being left by the printer, as formerly by the copyist, for these decorations. The ornamented initial letters, and borders printed at top and bottom of each page, seen in books printed even as late as the beginning of the present century, are a remains of this beautiful art.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF THE MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D.D., Seventh Archbishop of Baltimore. By Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, S.T.L. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1873. Received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia.

In the absence of any grand Catholic history of the Church in the United States, the lives of its gifted children, whether of the episcopacy, clergy, or laity, which from time to time come forth, must possess a double value, not only as biographies of their subjects, but as historical chapters of the periods in which they flourished. Of these none as yet cover a more brilliant era than the life of Dr. Spalding. Happy in the excellence of his biography, he is still happier in being made to justly serve as the exemplifier, the towering figure of a most brilliant era of our American Church. His life unites in close union the rural simplicity, the childlike spirit of the Colonial Church, with the splendid pageantry, the glorious achievements of our growing faith, impatient of restraint, running forth, *ut gigas in via*, to the conquest of the

continent. From the beautiful pastoral service in the little chapel, dignified with the title of Bardstown Cathedral, to the splendors of the second plenary council of Baltimore, is a long visionary stride, but it serves to mark not only the progress of our ecclesiastical development, but also the energy, the zeal, the holiness of the men whose efforts have effected such wondrous works,—men of whom Archbishop Spalding is a noble type. Being by blood, birth, and spirit a thorough American, he is an excellent exponent of the dignified and quiet, but determined energy, combined with a practical holiness of life, which is the best check to the wild and vagabond spirit of enterprise which rules the American in secular concerns. The spirit of such a prelate must eventually mould our hierarchy, without, however, at all affecting the thoroughness of its Catholicity. We need never fear any detriment to the unity of the American Church, with its visible head at Rome, while its bishops display such laudable devotion to the Central See which has formed so bright a feature in all their lives, but especially in that of Dr. Spalding. The best proof of this is the acts of the second

plenary council, which outstripped all its predecessors in its endeavor to get nearer in conformity to the regimen of the Roman See, and in the magnificent stand taken by our prelates at the Ecumenical Council, with Archbishop Spalding as their standard-bearer, in defence of the grand dogma of papal infallibility. This is further evinced, in the fact that almost all the bishops of Europe have regarded the decrees of the Baltimore council as throwing a new light on teachings of doctrine and systems of discipline, which would naturally be deemed more perfect than those of the Church in America, while all the prelates present at the Vatican council justly regarded the Archbishop of Baltimore as the most redoubtable champion of the prerogatives of Peter. We need hardly urge the perusal of this volume, in addition to what we have already said so repeatedly, on the duty of American Catholics supporting a national Catholic literature. Surely, such a book as this recommends itself. We will therefore simply state that it was compiled from the deceased prelate's own papers, and by one who had the best opportunity of knowing his life and character. It, moreover, contains a fine portrait of its subject, and is altogether a handsome volume.

THE LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church; Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By a Member of the Order of Mercy; Authoress of the Life of Catharine McCauley; Angel Dreams; Glimpses of Pleasant Homes; Happy Hours of Childhood; By the Seaside, &c, New York: P. O'Shea, 27 Barclay Street, 1874.

It is, perhaps, a gratifying incident that at a time when those who have thrown off, and utterly denied the Church's authority, are so busily engaged in forming a nominal scheme of ecclesiastical polity, by the creation of pseudo-bishops, who have neither the delegated power of the Holy Spirit, nor even the natural characteristics requisite for enforcing ordinary discipline, much less of performing the episcopal functions, that the Church should be able to hold up to the inspection of the world so many living models of a true and perfect episcopacy. God, wonderful in the works of his saints, is equally wonderful in their adaptability for the times in which he raises them. This is peculiarly the case with the glorious St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha of the

Goths. The close of the eighteenth century witnessed an almost complete transformation in the state of the world. The French Revolution, with its attendant train of infidelity, communism, libertinism, and all sorts of vices and errors, had completely overrun Europe, overturning thrones, elevating the lower classes to spheres of life and duty for which they were constitutionally and mentally unfitted. Pride, with its satanic attendants, pantheism, rationalism, and as if to complete what these left undone, Jansenism, was, by its rigidity, drawing into a vortex of doubt; the minds of even the just were denying the existence of God and overthrowing his worship. In a word, the world was beholding the commencement of an era, when hell seemed to be vomiting forth its multiform vileness over the face of the earth; when lo! God, who always makes use of the weak and humble things of this world to confound the proud and strong, raised up St. Alphonsus, who, by his knowledge of the world, could cope with the things of the world; by his religious foundations, could give a new order to the Church which would prove an oasis of holiness in a desert of wickedness; by his rare theological learning, could confute the new order of heresies in their very inception; by his missionary labors and touching devotional works, could draw the hearts of men to repentance; who, by the perfection of his rule, could check the rampant spirit of insubordination; who, by the sweetness of his spirit, could soften the hardened spirit of modern pharisaism; who, in a word, by his multitudinous and indefatigable labors, propped the house of the Lord, while his spirit shone within like the brilliant flame of the sanctuary, and who thus revived, in the midst of an age of materialism and utilitarianism, the true and higher practicability of medievalism. To American readers especially it will prove a most suggestive thought, that this saintly spirit of the bygone ages was illuminating the Eastern world while the guns were thundering from Bunker Hill, and had not yet departed from earth when the surrendered sword of Cornwallis was the gauge of our charter of National independence.

Many lives of this remarkable man have been given to the American public, but they were mostly translations of unexpurgated foreign biographies, penned in a spirit unsuited for the tastes of our people. We therefore hail this volume as a real addition to our literature, and trust that its tone will recommend it to that notice which will serve to make the

name of its subject a household word and his spirit a vivifying inspiration at every American hearthstone. Perhaps the best suggestion that we can offer in furtherance of this object, is to remind our readers that the authoress of the book is the same graceful writer who gave us the charming biography of Mother Catharine McCauley, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. The book, besides being published in good style, is embellished with a handsome steel-plate portrait of the Saint.

THE GLORIES OF MARY. Translated from the original of St. Alphonsus Mary De Liguori. By Rev. Robert Coffin, C.S.S.R. Second Edition, revised. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 1873.

We have received this new edition of the best known of all St. Alphonsus's devotional works, a book so familiar to Catholic readers that we need make no further comments upon it.

THE BARON OF HERTZ—A TALE OF THE ANABAPTISTS. P. O'Shea, New York.

Herein we have another addition to the many readable tales which have lately appeared. Mr. O'Shea deserves credit for this new book, but should be more critical in his revision of translations. *The Anabaptists* is equal to the average translations, but we can see no reason why those who undertake such work should not be made to alter the text to suit the idioms of the tongue into

which the work is translated. The story is cleverly written, and takes in a large share of local history, which will render it interesting to those who desire an inside view of the faith and disbelief of dissenters. The first chapter, if read through, will insure the careful and united attention of the reader till the end of the story.

THE REAL PRESENCE. By Rev. P. Tissot, S.J. New York: P. O'Shea, 1873.

Father Tissot has done a good work. We thank him for his valuable little book, which will certainly do a great amount of good. Devoid of all pedantry, the reverend writer must face all who read, to say of the doctrine he defends—'tis so.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. West & Lee, Worcester, Mass., specimens of their new card-game of "Avilude, or the Game of Birds," which is the first of a series of similar games, designed as a pleasing medium of imparting instruction in natural history.

"Avilude" possesses quite as much interest as any of the games played with ordinary playing-cards, while the information to be had about birds from the thirty-two beautiful pictures, with the corresponding descriptions printed on the cards, renders the game highly useful to both young and old. We have no hesitation in strongly recommending this game to our readers as one not only harmless, but exceedingly entertaining and instructive.
